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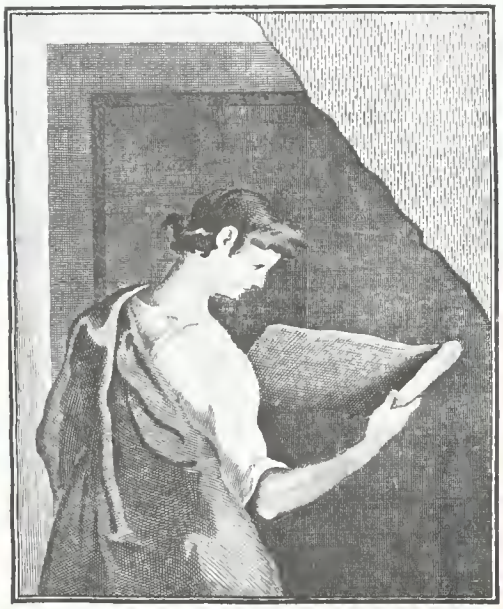

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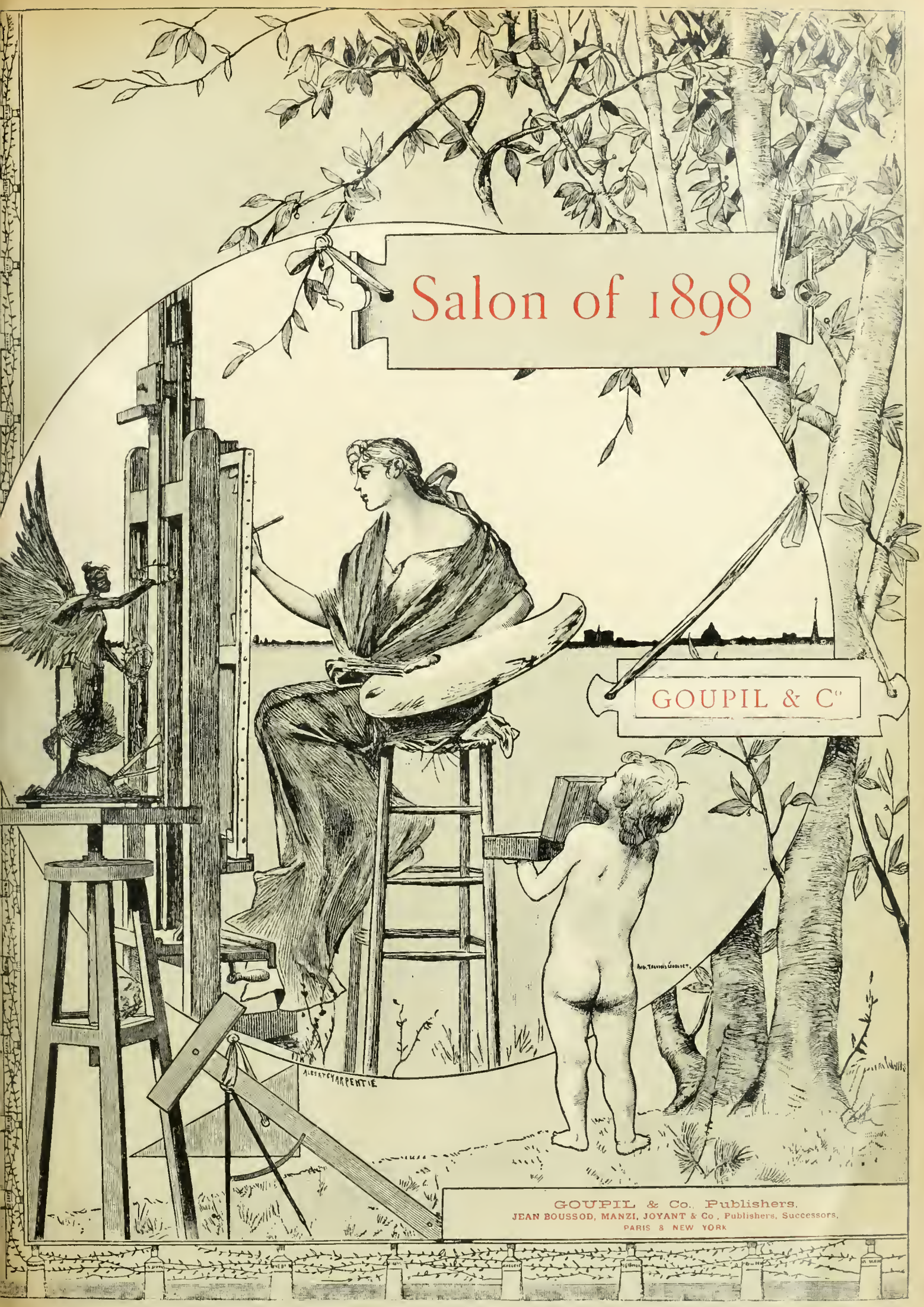
Salon of 1898
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With text in English, translated by HENRY BACON

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N° 17

M. LASCHLI

GENEVIEVE

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GOUPIL'S

PARIS SALON OF 1898

One Hundred Plates—Photogravures and Etchings

AND

ONE WATER COLOR FAC-SIMILE

BY

GOUPIL & C°

With text in English, translated by HENRY BACON

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THE SALON

PAINTING

THE Exhibition of Fine Arts is, this year of grace 1898, housed in the Machinery Annexe at the Champ de Mars.

The entrance is in the Avenue de la Bourdonnais. The two Societies—that of French Artists, which in former years occupied the Palais de l'Industrie in the Champs-Elysées, and the National Art Society, hitherto lodged in the Palais des Beaux-Arts built by M. Formigé for the Universal Exhibition of 1889—are now entered through the same turnstile, and divided only by a refreshment room.

The Society of French Artists occupies thirty rooms in front, arranged for the exhibition of pictures; the National Art Society fills eighteen rooms at the back. In the central space, where the horse-show once held its competitions, the sculptors of the Society of French Artists command the ground broken by clumps of verdure. Gobelin tapestry, most cruelly exposed to the devouring sunshine, is hung on the outer walls of their galleries. The National Society has scorned the place reserved for its sculptors under the raw light of a glass roof without an awning, and after arranging a considerable number of statues and *objets d'art* in the picture-galleries, has placed the remainder under a sort of colonnade in the style of Versailles, which produces a not bad effect.

M. Loviot, the architect, was commissioned to adapt this nave to the purposes of an Art Exhibition, for which M. Ferdinand Dutert had never designed it; and in behalf of the National Society, M. Guillaume Dubufe undertook to decorate the picture-galleries with painting in various tones, and walls of neutral tint below friezes such as were first seen at the Exhibition of 1889. He also, in agreement with his colleagues, returned to that pleasing arrangement of sculptured works which the painters exhibiting in 1889 could not be persuaded to adopt.

It is customary in the publication intrusted to me this year by Messrs. Goupil, to speak first of the Salon of the French Artists, and I conform to this practice.

The Society of French Artists exhibits in 1898, 3,983 examples.

The Society of French Artists having conquered its independence, administers its own affairs, but it remains nevertheless the representative body of State-protected Art. Nor does it recognize any break between its present acts and those preceding its reconstitution; it designates the exhibition of 1898 as its 116th. And it has every right to assume this official gloss, since its members include all, or nearly all, the professors of the *Ecole des Beaux-Arts*, and all the members of the faculty of Arts in the *Institut*, and it has always asserted its claims to represent the traditions of officialdom.

THE CAPTIVE OF EPHRAIM

Its presidents in succession have been M. Bailly, M. Bonnat, and M. Detaille. This year M. Jean-Paul Laurens is the presiding spirit.

On entering its galleries the spectator must impress on himself the idea that he is in the presence of an important staff, among whom there are heads of regiments to whom we must first do the homage due to their long successes. In the first rank stands M. Henner, whose "Levite of Ephraim" is one of the most powerful works we have been so happy as to see for many a day, alike in the finished modeling of the woman's body, in the depth of color, and in the high character of the work generally.

Though M. Hébert in his "Flower of Forgetfulness" is a little old-fashioned in his handling, he has at any rate stamped it with all the charm of his early productions.

In the "Arrest of Broussel," by M. Jean-Paul Laurens, the President of the Society this year, we find the excellent sense of composition that marked the best of this artist's early pictures. The scene is dramatic, the arrangement theatrical.

M. Bonnat, in his portraits of "General Davoust" and of "Madame Rose Caron" shows great mastery of the brush, and that admirable treatment of the chiaroscuro of black which is peculiarly his.

M. Detaille's task has been to record, as a commission from the State, the "Review at Châlons" at the moment when their Majesties the Emperor and Empress of Russia, accompanied by the President of the French Republic, are returning to the station at Bony, after the review in the plain of Châlons. The subject was an ungrateful one and difficult to compose; M. Detaille has been highly successful.

M. Bouguereau and M. Gérome have contributed to the exhibition, the former "The Attack," and "Inspiration;" the latter "Daphnis and Chloe," and "Turkish Women in the Bath;" both artists have maintained the level of their accomplishment.

The portrait of "M. Gabriel Hanotaux," of the French Academy, by M. Benjamin-Constant was much admired at the Art-Union Club. It will be no less appreciated in the Machinery Annexe. The public will

be less enraptured by M. Fantin-Latour's contributions, though this painter, like M. Henner, has in the highest degree the artistic spirit. They will, on the contrary, be quite bewitched by the large picture in which M. Aimé Morot shows us on an enormous scale the "Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Doudeauville" bravely mounted on a handsome horse.

M. François Flameng, in his "Vive l'Empereur," the last stand at Waterloo, gives us a finely composed and finely painted picture, which places him in the foremost rank of military painters, and has won him the eager approval of the public which gathers in crowds to look at it.

The Society of French Artists has very judiciously collected in one room the whole of the decorative work for the museum of Natural History by M. Cormon (painting and cartoons), of which I have given my opinion at some length in the *Figaro illustré*. M. Cormon's room is a favorite resort.

M. Jules Lefebvre has two portraits of high merit. On the day when the President of the Republic paid his visit to this exhibition I was speaking to M. Jules Lefebvre of the candidates for election to the Institut, in the place of the lamented Gustave Moreau. M. Jules Lefebvre was very legitimately surprised that the number of candidates for election was not more considerable. In point of fact M. Aimé Morot and M. François Flameng alone have put their names down up to the present time. Why not M. Cormon, who is a fine painter? Why not M. Théobald Chartran, or M. Clairin who, though as yet only majors, well deserve a place on the staff? To say nothing of M. Fantin-Latour, whom no one suggests, and who does not suggest himself, but who, like M. Henner, is wise enough to trust to posterity to do him justice; though M. Henner did once appeal to the Institut which opened its doors to him.

I have avoided using the words "Head of a School" in speaking of the distinguished painters who take the lead in the galleries of this Society, because classification into schools is out of date. At the present day there is no struggle going on between men of strong

Madame Réjane

PORTRAIT OF M. HANOTAUX

IN THE FRENCH ACADEMY

A. NOTTET 1898

convictions enamored of their art, and scornful of the resources of their craft. With a few rare exceptions dexterity of hand and skill in composition take the place of all else. Beneath this skill and learning, a few men, behind the times, are faithful to their individual bent; but not one is so rash as to try to insist on it. Not one shows the firm resolve that directs a great current. We live in an age of good manners and mutual accommodation. We spare our own feelings and our neighbors'!

It would be childish to say to the men now in power: "Over there, at the Champ de Mars, there is a man, now seventy-five years of age, one of the greatest artists this century can boast of, a man who has enlarged and simplified the idea of landscape, seeking in it figures of noble and simple dignity, M. Puvis de Chavannes. And on the Quai Malaquais you have an academy, and M. Puvis de Chavannes is not a member."

The reply would be that M. Puvis de Chavannes has not fulfilled the formalities; and this is true. But had Barye done so, and was it not necessary to drag Delacroix by the collar to knock at the portal of the Immortals?

I will not however force this point, which is not indeed very

important. I return to the programme set before me: an examination of the works exhibited under the auspices of the Society of French Artists.

It is with pleasure that I can praise the contributions by M. Henri Martin. "The Muse" is a delightful piece of work; and "Clémence Isaure appearing to the Troubadours" as masterly a composition as the finest of those already executed by the wonderful painter who is decorating the Hôtel de Ville. Certain criticisms of this great canvas, emanating from painters of position and in high favor with the public, do not affect me. I care not if the time-honored rules of composition are neglected, or if M. Henri Martin has failed in certain points to satisfy those who teach the art and craft of painting. The picture of Clémence Isaure expresses what it is intended to express, and this is all I ask.

It is not fair to demand of a work of art more than it can give, but it ought to communicate the impression felt by the artist, if indeed he felt one. I entirely admit that M. Jules Breton's "Gleaner," and "Village Street" are excellent pictures; that in the same class of work, M. Henri Royer's "Ex-Voto" is well thought out; that Mr. MacEwen's "Sunday in Holland" is the outcome of sincere study: that M. Geoffroy's "Infant School" is an ingenious composition. Against all this I have nothing to say. But all these sentimental inventions retire into the background by the side of such a powerful work as M. Henri Martin's.

And yet M. Henri Martin is not a painter in the modern use of the word. He disdains—and I congratulate him—recognized mannerisms and accepted contrasts. His style of treatment is a happy break in the monotony of handling which from the first number to the last in these galleries generally necessitates a reference to the catalogue to discover the painter's name. His is one of the rare individualities which stand forth from this long array of more than two thousand pictures which might all have been the work of the same hand.

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LAURENT ANT

THE ALTAR

A vast number of portraits are worthy to be named by the side of those by M. Bonnat, M. Jules Lefebvre and M. Benjamin-Constant. Among the more remarkable we have that of "M. Jules Lemaître" by Ferdinand Humbert; and others by Mr. Dickson, Mr. MacEwen, Mademoiselle Louise Abbéma, Mrs. Wentworth, MM. Léon Comerre. Decote, d'Estienne, Besormeau, Herbo, Tardieu, Leleu, and Achenbach, Mademoiselle Atché, MM. Jean Aubert, Aviat, Avigdor, Axillette, Baader, Bal, Ballavoine, Baschet, Barthalot, Benner, Bérény, Louis Béroud, Bonis, and Bourgonnier, Madame Brouardel, M. André Brouillet, Mademoiselle Beaury-Saurel, MM. Berne-Bellecour, Chavas, Cot, Debat-Ponsan, Diéterle, Tony Faivre, Flameng, Gilbert, Grimberghe, Guédy, Hall, Hébert, Herkomer, Johnson, Kouznitsow, Krug, Jean-Paul Laurens, Laurent-Gsell, Lehmann, Lemeunier, Lockhart, Marais, Martin-Kavel, Monchablon, Aimé Morot, Roybet, Schutzenberger, Sheard, Alexis Vollon, Wells, Willems and Willette.

Among the portrait studies we may include such pictures as "Imperia," by Richter; "The Talisman," by Consuelo Fould; "Evening," by Lynch; "Resting," by Joy; "Autumn Thoughts," by Ridel; and "Salomé," by Juana Romani. All these pictures are equally interesting and equally works of the portrait-painter. Military subjects as usual fill a large space in the Salon of French Artists. To take them in chronological order, M. Jules Girardet shows us the "Defence of the Bridge at Thielle," a fierce battle. M. Grolleron's "Brothers-in-Arms" is a story well told. M. Chartier's canvas "Sambre-et-Meuse" shows original treatment. That by M. Chaperon, "Marshal Ney at Waterloo" is also good. M. Emile Boutigny, in his picture of the "Emperor Visiting the Wounded," has made a marked advance. "Mademoiselle Fifi" has suggested a very pleasing picture to M. Delahaye. M. Checa has devoted himself to the grand manœuvres, or at least the preparations for them, as practiced by the Arabs. M. Ralli has borrowed a pathetic incident from the Greco-Turkish War. Still, the two masters in this style are certainly

M. Edouard Detaille, who has done some very striking work in his "Review at Châlons," and M. François Flameng.

Landscapes are many. M. Harpignies leads the van, with his firm drawing, clean brushwork and harmonious coloring. M. Wallet, a master too in his way, has a fine sense of "A Still Day." M. Poin-

telin has done well with his "Poplars." M. Gagliardini knows the South well. I much like M. Jacquien's "Pont Saint-Martin." MM. Joubert, Isenbart, Girard and Kuhstohs send some interesting transcripts. M. Quignon has a fine "Harvest" scene, rich, powerful, glorious with light under a cloudy sky; M. Guillemet works steadily on with assured mastery; whether he partook of the Apple Harvest dinner I know not, but Normandy it would seem extends to Chantilly when a glass of cider is in demand, for Pharamond, in the Rue de la Grande Truanderie, is not more Norman than M. Guillemet, and he keeps excellent cider. Luigi Loir conducts his "Express" without misadventure. M. Appian, but lately dead, sent a fine "Effect of

FROM [illegible] TO THE SEPULCHRE

[illegible] IN THE 1898

BAUDRY SCULPT. (1891)

Haze." M. Anguin is a master. M. Wéry deserves special mention; he is, however, a figure painter rather than a landscape painter; and with him we may stop to look at the works of Mr. Archibald Hay, Mr. Allan, Mr. Lockhart, M. Bellanger, Mr. Bicknell, MM. Quost, Bouché, Dabadie, Le Mains and Jamin.

MM. Busson, father and son, exhibit some very interesting pictures. The father is faithful to landscape; the son is in love with hunting scenes, like M. Hermann-Léon and other painters of the great sporting parties in the neighborhood of Paris.

But, in fact, if we had merely to name all the clever landscape painters who exhibit with the Society of French Artists, a volume would be insufficient; for it would be no more than justice to rank many others with M. Watelin's "Marsh-Meadow at Boves."

But before examining the Academic compositions which are a specialty of this Society, of which indeed it is legitimately proud, as being the sole inheritor of that formula, I must be permitted to speak in fitting terms of the eminent artist whose talent reigns supreme over the group that, till now, held their stand in the Champs-Elysées.

It is, in fact, a phenomenon which may be inexplicable to future generations. Twenty years hence, or perhaps before, the world will wonder how, in an association which awards a Medal for Merit to painting, M. Henner has not long since been the recipient. It may wonder, too, how others can have had the audacity not to bow before him, rather than to compete with him, and above all, how there can have been so many votes against M. Henner as to keep him out by crushing majorities. And I say against M. Henner, because, as the Duc d'Aumale truly said, at an election everybody votes against someone, but very rarely in the candidate's favor.

The works sent this year by this painter are so striking, so emphatically fine, that we are never weary of returning to look at his "Levite," and at the even more pathetic portrait, which is his only other contribution.

Again, one of his pupils, M. Marcel Clément, exhibits an "Interior," a café where billiard players, well surrounded by atmosphere, are depicted with such truth of action and of color as to make this little genre-picture one of the most interesting things in the exhibition.

But to proceed to the compositions. Under this title: "The Song of the Muses Rouses the Human Soul," M. Rochegrosse exhibits a painting intended to decorate the staircase of the Sorbonne. All the movements of the figures, which are numerous, are carefully thought out and judiciously balanced, giving irreproachable gravity to the expression of an idea which, unfortunately, it is not possible to apprehend without reading the explanation. It would, however, be unfair not to add that parts of the left-hand portion of the work are well handled.

M. Raphaël Collin is a highly gifted artist; he has given very individual impressions full of charm. His decorative picture for a small drawing-room at the new Opéra-Comique, "The Composer Inspired by Natural Harmonies," is a very pleasing work; M. Raphaël Collin, who is a most modest man, speaks diffidently of a picture called "Summer," which hangs by the side of the larger work; but it is nevertheless a masterpiece.

M. Lelong's picture "Christ Casting Out Devils," M. Outin's "Milliner's Shop" and M. Chocarne-Moreau's "The Bait," are works which attract the visitor by the tragedy of the first, the anecdote and comedy of the two last.

"The Arrest of Condorcet," or more accurately, "Condorcet Under the Surveillance of the Revolutionary Committee," is ingeniously represented.

Then what talent we see in the "Eternal Chain," by M. Louis Béroud.

I greatly admire M. Paul Buffet's "Negus Menelik at the Battle of Adowa." The equipment of the King of Kings is finely harmonious, simply and admirably painted. The tones of the gold are

A MARSH MEADOW AT BOVE (SOMME)

THE MEADOW

in keeping with the general key of color, and the landscape beautifully felt. And then this little picture is an oasis in a desert of ideas, where so many painters think that the monotonous formulas of a system which constantly reproduces the same arrangements can do duty for sincerity.

Copyright 1898 by B. Lemeunier

B. LEMEUNIER. *An errand girl* (Paris)

I will name no artists, but what strikes us in these heathen orgies, or Christian subjects, treated on such a scale as is really common this year in the Salon of the Society of French Artists, is a total absence of conviction, a perpetual effort to group nude or draped figures in attitudes which express nothing but a desire not to offend the vitiated eye of the visitor.

Thus a picture ceases to be a production, and is no more than a reproduction. All these young men who mean so well have but to study the works—I will not say of the masters of the last generation, but of M. Fantin-Latour. Here everything holds together. Nothing takes us back to something we have seen before. They are masterpieces of feeling and observation; they are captivating, haunting, they touch the heart. The execution may be open to discussion, but the individuality of the painter is felt. And I do not

believe that any exhibition was ever more crowded with works devoid of the personal stamp than that of the Society of French Artists in 1898.

This I repeat and emphasize. I care not whether a composition is skillfully massed or fills a large space. If the figures are mute, if the space is empty I pass on and reserve my sympathies for the most trivial scene set forth with fine taste, the merest scrap of truly rendered landscape.

A man who, all his life, has had a passion for Art in every form, is inevitably brought to a standstill in front of any work that speaks with the accent of truth without any partisanship or rigid theory. The profoundest and truest thing ever said about art was Bacon's aphorism that Art is Man added to Nature. The presentment of a thing we have seen a thousand times, the expression of an emotion that we have felt a thousand times, must always be interesting, so long as it bears the stamp of individuality.

Without this search for the unexplored, all is naught. For instance, take a well-abused painter, M. Bouguereau. Well, M. Bouguereau has the great merit of being himself, of seeing with his own eyes, and rendering the thing he sees. The same is true of M. Gérôme, who is an archæologist. Neither of these men shows the influence of anything outside him. From this point of view their works may be criticised with as much vehemence as they themselves throw into criticising, nay, into excommunicating the work of others who do not see or think as they themselves do. But what can we say of their imitators, of those who dare nothing because they have no originality to make them dare, who restrict themselves to symmetrical arrangements and conventional effects, giving compositions, so-called, of the most fatiguing monotony, leading us to regret the sums laid out by the State in encouraging their attempts and granting them privileges above their fellows.

The Society of French Artists is said to extend a cordial welcome to the young. It is a continuation of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, and

P OUTIN

Copyright 1898 by P. Outin

A MILLINER'S SHOP

SALON 1891

CHOCARNE - MOREAU

Copyright 1898 by Chocarne-Moreau

THE BAT

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if it did not exist, if year after year it did not open its rooms to the pupils so carefully trained by the Professors at the School, French art — so these Professors say — would soon be drowned out by foreign art.

In point of fact, they could not do a worse service to the cause they desire to defend. Is is not by displaying our weakness to those who come healthy and strong that we can make a good show. Let the old soldiers of whom I speak answer to the call ; let those who march in the first rank of the army come too ; but such a muster of the National Guard as we have this year, more numerous than ever, is really too much.

In the style of work which is termed classical, we note that of M. Gabriel Ferrier, who once took the *Grand Prix de Rome*, and on whom the mantle has fallen of M. Schlesinger, who never took that prize ; M. Danger, with his very large painting, "Arbitration and Peace," M. Laubadère, with his "Charity Ball," M. Lalire's "Sirens," M. Grandjean, with his "Chariot of the Sun," M. Réalier-Dumas, M. Devambez, and many more.

In using the word classical, I refer to the training based on traditions which in their day were curious, even inspiring, but which are now lost so completely that those who proclaim them mix up all sorts of styles and periods with the airy freedom that makes this an age of bric-à-brac.

M. Franck Lamy, who, like many of his rivals, has an utter contempt for the setting in which he places his ideas, and who used to be very successful with harmonious groups of female figures, sends this year, "Peaceful Fields" and "October." As in other pictures I have named, we find in these two works fine qualities of execution, using the term in one of its meanings ; but at the same time, the want of concord between the landscape and the figures is a conspicuous defect.

M. Vayson has a good picture, "Starting for the Arena." M. Lauth is happily inspired by his master, Henner ; M. Alexandre

Bouché is full of promise; nay, "Twilight" is more than a promise. It is a work of considerable power.

M. Roybet gives us "Monsieur Vigneron" with his usual vigor.

I also name MM. Adler, Allan, Arus, Allègre, Bellery, Desfontaines, Beronneau, Bicknell, Bisbing, Bohm, Bompard, Bonnet, Eugène Bourgeois, Barillot, Beyle, Jean Brunet, Bunny, Calvé, Camoreyt, Carlos-Lefebvre, Carpentier, Carré, Jules Cayron, Lesbron, Chabas, Charpin, Chetwood-Aiken, Dabadie, Debut, Mademoiselle Delasalle, MM. Robert Dupont, Duvocelle, Elias, Ewen, Etcheverry, Faber du Faur, Faehnlin, Faivre, Gaidan, Arthur de Gravillon, Grau, Guinier, Guédy, Hitchcock, Hirschfield, Herbo, Jacques Marie, Kay, Kouznitsow, Kruseman van Elten, Laurent-Desrousseaux, Lavergne, Lebrun, Lecomte, Leroux, Lockhart, Lynch, Marche, Marais, Mihie, Nordgren, Edmond Picard, Pierre, Pinta, Rapin, Raval, Ridel, Royé, Rudaux, Sabatté, Sorella, Suréda, Synave, Tardieu, Tinayre, Troncy, Truchet, Weekes, Withers, Wéry. And each canvas shows its quota of effort, aspiration and draughtsmanship. Youth is, after all, so much to be respected, with all its errors, that we ought to give it every encouragement that can spur or strengthen its purpose; only let it have a purpose.

As I gaze at M. Chocarne-Moreau's picture, "The Bait," already mentioned, I recur with pleasure to certain scenes by Biard, and the more recent work by Dagnan-Bouveret, "A Wedding Party at the Photographer's." The comic, or merely trivial side of life, as in M. Outin's "Milliner's Shop," has a charm that appeals to the French mind. And though there is little that is modern in M. Wagrez's "Venetian Organist of the Fifteenth Century," we are so ready to accept a well-meant attempt that, without inquiring too curiously as to the more or less exact historical accuracy of the scene, we feel ourselves bound to praise this work, no less than "The Vane," by M. Lequesne, which is very pleasing in line and movement.

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A VENET AN ORGAN

(15TH CENTURY)

[illegible] TO THE CARDINAL

All the paintings here catalogued do not indeed impress us with the idea that any one of them will contribute to mark a stage in the progress of French art; but they are the current coin of our annual display. They are the entertaining element of the Salons; as we leave the building in the Avenue de la Bourdonnais, we are led to the reflection that if the "dodges" of technique are often misleading, we shall not mistake them for the stupid, mechanical processes into which the rank and file are drilled by the reciprocal influence and training they too often derive from mere studio work.

LE QUESNE *The Lane*

And quite involuntarily, when we come out of the thirty rooms filled with pictures by the Society of French Artists, we retain the impression on the eye and mind, only of a certain number of works by men who think clearly and see truthfully. Their mode of thought, their habit of sight may not be the same as ours; but we are not the less compelled to acknowledge their individuality and character.

Apart from all the Artists of the Society, I set, as I need hardly say, the man who, in my opinion, towers above them so far that all

the rest are "nowhere." I mean M. Henner. Still, in M. Aimé Morot's "Portrait of the Prince of Arenberg," I recognize a mastery of arrangement, a dexterity of presentment, which make it one of the finest portraits of the year. The portraits by M. Jules Lefebvre are highly satisfactory in their careful modeling; that of "Monsieur Jean-Paul Laurens" is one of the best. M. Cormon, again, is a most interesting painter, with his conscientious care. And apart from the rest I especially admire MM. Detaille, Bonnat, Flameng, and Henri Martin.

Having said this much, I proceed to the consideration of the sculpture, after a glance of compassion at the specimens of Gobelins tapestry so ill-advisedly lent to the Society by the Council of the Beaux-Arts, intending to return presently to the rooms occupied by our engravers, designers, water-color painters and pastellists.

And yet, before leaving the galleries I must mention M. Guinier's "Sunday;" the Month of Mary;" M. Ernest Laurent's "Woodland Muse;" "Bathers," by M. Paul Leroy; "Hercules," wearing the Nemean lion's fell, by M. Geoffroy, a clever piece of genre which, as an engraving, will be wonderfully effective.

M. Masure sends some capital sea-pieces and M. Paul-Albert Laurens promises to become in all respects the worthy son of his father. There is some strong and sound work in M. Leenhardt's "Preaching in the Cévennes." "The Reign of Terror," by M. Tony Robert-Fleury, will be very popular; so also will M. Royer's "Ex-Voto" and "Dead Christ." In his "Old Pauper," M. Sabatté shows us the extent of his artistic temperament. One of the most interesting, and I may say the best pictures of the Society's exhibition is one by M. Constantin Le Roux, "After Hay Harvest." Nothing can be more attractive than Mr. Dudley Hardy's "Moors in Spain," and M. Max Bohm's sea piece is worthy of remark and admiration.

Note also M. Chalon's "Orpheus," M. Albert Laurens' "Squall," and "The Last Stage," by M. Jules Monge.

A custom to which the Society of French Artists has remained faithful, and which was in fact to some extent a cause of the disagreement among its members after the Universal Exhibition of 1889, is the annual distribution of rewards in the form of medals *Honoris causâ*, with other first, second and third class medals, and *Honorable Mentions*.

Last year the medal of Honor in the section of painting was awarded to M. Henri Harpignies.

This year the Society of French Artists determined to show M. Henner the respect so long since due to him by presenting him with the Medal of Honor. No first-class medals have been awarded in painting.

Second-class medals were presented to M. Alexandre Bouché for his two pictures, "In the Twilight" and "The Village Well." M. Alexandre Bouché, the catalogue informs us, is a pupil of Corot's. He has a sincere and accurate sense of what he sees, and the jury have done well in their award.

M. Sinibaldi has also received a second-class medal for his decorative panel intended for the committee-room of the Ministry of Commerce and Industry: "Science and Art offering their discoveries to Industry."

It is always very difficult to embody an intelligible allegory in a theme so foreign to artistic conceptions and to the conditions of decorative painting. If a similar subject had been proposed to such a painter as Jean-Baptiste Tiepolo, for instance, he would not have aimed at so scrupulous an interpretation as that to which M. Sinibaldi has restricted himself. He would have selected an illustrative incident, and have made the most of it, sacrificing all useless elaboration. But we cannot hesitate to admit that M. Sinibaldi has broadly set out a composition that may very well satisfy the gentlemen who gave him the commission. The drawing is not unsatisfactory, the coloring is powerful, and the architect to the Ministry of Commerce and Industry may place M. Sinibaldi's picture in the spacious room

in the Rue de Varennes for the greater delectation of the committees that may be required to sit there.

M. Jules Adler is also among the prize winners, for the picture he calls "Popular Amusements," and M. Auguste Leroux for his

composition "Samson and Delilah." M. Jules Adler is the pupil of MM. Bouguereau, Tony Robert-Fleury and Dagnan-Bouveret. M. Leroux studied under M. Bonnat.

M. Guinier's "Springtime" won from the jury something more than a second-class medal. The supreme Council of the Beaux-Arts has granted him a traveling scholarship; or rather, to be exact, the Society of French Artists gave him the medal for "Springtime," and the Council of the Beaux-Arts gave M. Guinier the encouragement he has earned, on the strength of his other picture, "Sunday, the month of Mary."

In a path across a cornfield two girls dressed in white occupy the

foreground, and their white dresses stand out against the golden field made bright with wild flowers. The heads are studied with such careful modeling as shows M. Guinier to be a student of the sound traditions of the School of Bâle. The figures following these two, old women and children, are treated with no less truth, free from all claptrap eccentricity or thought of display. The landscape beyond the village church is very simple, and at the same time so broadly treated that we feel ourselves in the presence of a strong piece of work. In the section of Drawings and Cartoons, M. Guinier exhibits also a woman's head in pastel, in every respect worthy of attention.

The Society of French Artists has given second medals, moreover, to M. Devambez, for his "Conversion of Mary Magdalen;" to M. Wagrez, for his "Venetian organist, chapel of Saint Mark;" to M. Lazerges, for his "Return from pasture, near El Kantara," a capital picture belonging to the Georges Petit Gallery, and for his "Camp, near Biskra, evening," an equally charming study, also the property of the gallery in the Rue de Sèze.

M. Wéry, like M. Guinier, has been rewarded by the jury of the Society of French Artists and encouraged by the Council of the Beaux-Arts. M. Wéry's two pictures, "After the Storm" and "A Girl of Penmarch," are among the best paintings exhibited in the Salons of 1898.

M. Wéry has the true artistic temperament, and we shall be surprised if he cannot give us next year a work of grand quality. "After the Storm" reveals a fine and passionate imagination, superior to the trickery which lends facile effect to so many Brittany scenes loaded with disagreeable impasto.

Mademoiselle Delasalle, M. Jamin and M. Sabatté, with the "Return from Hunting," the "Lake City," the "Old Pauper" and the "Philosopher," should have attracted the benevolence of the jury no less than M. Gagneau, who sends to the Salon the "Viaduct of les Moulineaux."

MM. Enders and Umbricht, especially the latter, send some

capital pictures; the "Portrait of M. Kneider" and the "Old Smoker" are works I value more highly than M. Grandjean's "Chariot of the Sun." "Seaweed banks at Carolles," by M. Edmond Debon, pleases me much. M. Aviat is a good portrait painter, and M. Prévot-Valéri sends two fine landscapes.

The nineteen second-class medals have been awarded with judgment on the whole, and we can only be sorry that MM. Wéry and Guinier should not have taken first-class medals; and I would gladly wish the same for Mademoiselle Dufau if her work this year was as good as what she did last year.

The supreme Council of the Beaux-Arts awarded a traveling scholarship to this young lady in honor of her contributions to the exhibition of 1897, and this is well. It is to be hoped that in return Mademoiselle Dufau will not forget the work she did in 1897, and this recollection of its merits on the part of the Council, who intended to encourage her.

Among the third-class medals given by the jury of the Society of French Artists, one was bestowed on an artist who might have looked for a much higher reward. M. Max Bohm sends a really superb set of works which deserved special distinction, since it is the custom, as I have shown, to reward the exhibitors in the Salon of the Society by medals graduated according to the merits of the work.

However, we must not insist too strongly on this matter of awards which certainly cannot survive the test of the Universal Exhibition of 1900. It will be understood, then, that in our free French atmosphere, it is invidious to class and ticket talent, and that the independent artist can have no other judge than the public, whom the constituted authorities vainly attempt to supply with guidance for which it cares not at all.

Just in proportion to the usefulness of the *Prix du Salon*, for which we have to thank M. le Marquis de Chennevières, and the institution of traveling scholarships—which I, for my part, would

gladly see multiplied as encouragements to talent, is the folly of maintaining the useless tradition of prize medals.

It must, however, be confessed that before distributing its medals, the jury of the Society of French Artists takes pains to examine the claims of the candidates; if it makes mistakes, they are such as cannot be ascribed to any want of care. That the jury, like the body of the Society generally, allows itself to be misled by impressions founded, not unfrequently, on rather strange considerations, cannot indeed be doubted; but it carries out its task conscientiously; as conscientiously as human beings can who are subject to all the variations of the artistic thermometer.

As much cannot cannot be said, unfortunately, of the supreme Council of the Beaux-Arts. The members of the Council are invited to the galleries of the Salon one morning, after having a list of the candidates handed to them two or three days before the voting. The authorities of the Beaux-Arts have it in their power to collect in one room the works of all the artists who are candidates for a scholarship, but they do not take the trouble to get this done. They walk round in a body from room to room, pausing in front of the pictures, statues, engravings and architectural elevations that are entered on the list, of which a signed copy has been sent to each member of the Council, and they then forthwith record their votes.

In the following year the results of the encouragement bestowed in the previous year are not unfrequently surprising.

However, the present administrative body of the Beaux-Arts must not be held guilty of the vices of the procedure as it is now carried out.

These vices date from the time when the prizes and the traveling scholarships were created. A certain fraction of the artistic world insisted, from the first, that these traveling prizes were, in fact, in rivalry with the Grand Prix de Rome, and for that reason and that alone, the thing is done in a hurry and beyond appeal. Not only would it be necessary to examine the works of the com-

petitors at some leisure, after isolating them carefully from the general mass of exhibited work; it would also be necessary to have a special exhibition every year of the works of those who have already won rewards in former years, leaving the choice of the subjects to the artists, and not imprisoning them in a predetermined programme.

This is what we shall undoubtedly see done in time, because in our country good sense inevitably gains the day.

M. Fouqueray this year affords an instance in point, having gained a traveling scholarship last year.

M. Fouqueray exhibits an episode from the "Battle of Aboukir," the moment when the ship *Le Tonnant* bears all the brunt of the battle under the enemy's guns, while the captain, Aubert Dupetit-Thouars, though fearfully wounded, remains at his post.

The scene is set before us with such a comprehension of naval matters as artists rarely attain. M. Fouqueray's picture is certainly one of the best on show in the Salons of 1898; but it has one fault: though of the same class of ideas, it is inferior to the "Battle of Trafalgar," which M. Fouqueray exhibited last year, and which won him his traveling scholarship. If M. Fouqueray had been required to exhibit during 1897 the studies made in the course of his travels, there can be no doubt that the comments made upon them would have led him to compete for the prize of the Salon, with a picture differing widely from the work he exhibits.

M. Steck is in the same category as M. Fouqueray. With really remarkable talents, and gifted not merely with a true instinct for painting, but with a refined critical sense, M. Steck would not have committed the mistake he has made in his triptych if he had been more before the public and had kept more in touch with it during the past year. The State has, however, purchased his triptych.

This, alas, is the blunder of most young artists who have met

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

with brilliant successes as soon as they have made an appearance in an exhibition. They shut themselves into a studio and give themselves up to meditations, not wholly inaccurate, and which would be wholly accurate if they would accept the guidance not only of their immediate friends, but of the great body of those who are looking out in the crowd for men who can see and whom they may help to see. I regret all the more keenly that M. Steck has gone astray because he has attained the limit of age and cannot compete for the Prix du Salon next year.

M. N[illegible] Portrait

The Council of the Beaux-Arts has awarded this high prize this year to M. Henri Royer for his "Ex Voto" and his "Dead Christ," and not without regard to his two other exhibits, that is to say the fine charcoal drawings in the room devoted to drawings.

Whither M. Henri Royer proposes to travel with the moneys placed at his command by the State, I know not; but if he will allow me to offer him my advice, I should recommend the painter of the "Ex-Voto" to look in as he passes by, at the Holbeins, at Bâle, and the Albert Dürers, at Munich; and if, on his return from his pilgrimage, M. Henri Royer should ask permission to exhibit his studies in one of the rooms at the École des Beaux-Arts, I am

sure that the authorities would not reject his petition, and that the criticisms he might hear would help him to give us, in the Salons to come, a composition wrought under the influence of the two masters I have named, *plus* his personal feeling, which is evidently spontaneous.

Having said this, I will retrace my steps through the rooms of the Society of French Artists, to repair some sins of omission.

"Christ casting out devils," by M. Lelong, must be noticed as one of the best conceived works in these rooms. The drawing is accurate without hardness, and the light is so delicately distributed that the person of Christ is thrown into prominence while none of the modeling is lost in the other figures.

Madame Achille Fould, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," brings us back to the treatment of drapery and texture, but Madame Achille Fould gives us the richest silk, pleats her sleeves and arranges her trimmings with consummate skill.

She and Madame Consuelo Fould do the dressing more skilfully than M. Richter, whose "Belle Impéria" is nevertheless a pleasing study.

"Evening," by M. Lynch, must not be overlooked; it is full of poetical charm and remarkably firm in the treatment.

M. Jean Brunet has shown with impressive originality the scene of the procession "From Calvary to the Sepulchre" in the night after the Crucifixion. A powerful dramatic effect is achieved by the simplest means: the three crosses standing up against the sky with their long shadows thrown down the slope, and the attitudes of the angels guarding the sacred way are deeply pathetic.

M. Kaemmerer is always lively; his bustle is amusing, and contrasts with Mr. Knight's placid mood in his picture "On the Terrace."

"The parable of the foolish Virgins," by M. Weber, is an episode in the grand style.

M. Lahalle shows a pleasing sentiment in "On Leave for

AN ACCIDENT

Christmas," and M. Loustaunau's "Promenade at Trianon," must not be overlooked.

If we proceed, as the jury does in its preliminary survey, if we review the galleries in order, starting from the room where the decorative work by M. Cormon, for the Museum of Natural History, is exhibited, we come to the very fine and praiseworthy portrait by Mr. Herkomer, and "The Last of Waterloo," by M. Grolleron. M. Victor Gilbert shows the firm touch which we know of old. M. Antonin Mercié, who for some years gave up painting, has come back to it with an "Eve" of agreeable quality. M. Rudaux's "Ex Voto" is worthy of note, and in "The Squall" M. Paul Albert Laurens is seen as a painter of the highest promise. We must pause too to look at the picture by Madame de Mertens: "Mending the Nets." Madame de Mertens has a very remarkable sense of nature as she sees it, and with something added—a determination to express what she sees with marked individuality.

M. Joseph Bail deals in masterly fashion with kitchen furniture; no one since Ribot has treated pots and pans with greater success.

M. Emile Troncy's picture of "Fishermen landing" is full of *go*. The composition of the boatmen is ingenious, and the respect for truth, which pervades the whole, makes it a very attractive piece of work. We must also look at M. Félix's "Portrait of his Mother," at M. Brispot's "Before Mass" and M. Boutigny's "*Vive l'Empereur*."

M. Chartran seems to us to be making good progress. I prefer his "Siegfried" to his "Leo XIII.," and in general to the portraits which have won him renown on the other side of the water.

Since I am on the subject of portraits, a very curious example is Willette's "Portrait of M. Jules Roques."

A man to whom I gladly send greetings is my old comrade, my old friend, Charles Monginot, who for the past forty years has

been exhibiting works of remarkable power. He brings incomparable skill to bear on his studies of still-life, and when he treats the figure it is with accomplished mastery. He exhibits this year a "Magian" with a sheen of texture that is both rich and harmonious, and a "Basket of Peaches" which make one's mouth water.

M. Julien Dupré has two good pictures. "Ploughing," and not inferior to this, "A Meadow." M. Julien Dupré is masterly as a painter of animals.

M. Vuillefroy is faithful to his rural scenes. M. Tattegrain shows "Wreckage" such as birds of prey delight in.

I like M. Duvent's "Procession" and M. Sautai's "Women of Saint-Jean-de-Luz." We must also speak of M. William Cot's small portrait, and the larger one by M. Paul Dubois; "Susannah," by M. Beronneau, is a capital piece of work. Madame Demont-Breton sends "A Swimmer," which is interesting, but less so than Madame Frédéric Wallet's pictures. M. Beyle has scored a success by his choice of a subject: "The first Communion of a little booth-dancer."

I said that I liked M. Duvent's "Procession."

I must give a little time to this picture. The Buying Committee has acquired M. Duvent's fine work for the State, and it has made a very good purchase.

M. Duvent is an artist who really cares about his art. For some years a small circle of amateurs have kept an eye on his progress, and he has extended the circle of his admirers. We will pause in front of his picture to do justice to the fine character of the composition, to the judicious distribution of light, and to the accuracy of drawing which distinguish him above others.

The painter of the "Procession" takes no altered view of things. But his sincerity and perseverance, with the happy choice of his subject—very often enough in itself—have brought many who till now have overlooked the fresh attractiveness of his brush-work, to discern all the charm of his manner. Still, he has not succeeded in

FISHERMEN

arousing among the men who will certainly ere long be loud in his praises, a strong enough sense of his merits to secure him a sufficient number of votes among the supreme Council of the Beaux-Arts. M. Duvent put his picture forward to compete for the *Prix du Salon*. He obtained but few votes. I can only hope he will not be too much distressed by the disappointment.

M. Sautai, like M. Duvent, was a brilliant beginner ; but he has considerably altered his methods. His talent has gained in robustness ; he has aimed at recording closer impressions, and has achieved this without at the same time weakening the distinctive quality of an eye keen to note delicate tone and detail.

A rather childish picture is that by M. Steinheil : " The President of the Republic distributing medals to the survivors of the wrecked fort, August 8th, 1897," a reminiscence of the President's visit to the Alpine provinces of France.

M. Steinheil's father, M. Meissonier's brother-in-law, was an artist of great talent, especially as a glass-painter. He achieved some wonderful restorations in the Sainte-Chapelle and at Saint-Denis ; and his windows for the Cathedral at Limoges are noble compositions. M. Steinheil *senior* was of the generation which gave us such workers as Viollet-le-Duc, Geoffroy de Chaume and many another who is deeply regretted by all who take an interest in the grand remains of the thirteenth century.

" The Waggon," by Mr. Smith-Lewis, is on a gigantic scale, and painted broadly with the evident purpose of setting forth with great freedom of brush the modeling of the horse and the aerial depth of the horizon. In this huge canvas, too large for the interest of the subject, there are qualities of color and draughtsmanship which promise well for Mr. Smith-Lewis' future success.

" The Re-interment of the body of Napoleon I." has won a medal for M. Roussel. The old officers of the *Grande Armée* are seen in prayer in the dark chapel of the Invalides. The catafalque shuts off the light from the back of the Nave, but the scene is impres-

sive, as everything is that recalls the man whose personality filled the early years of this century with such prepotency that it absorbs the imagination even yet.

I was reading, not long since, Napoleon I.'s correspondence; and despotic as the rule was to which he subjected France, it must certainly be admitted that no foreign government ever criticised his deeds, or spoke the truth as to all he did, with more brutal candor than that of the Emperor himself in writing of his acts.

[illegible] — *[illegible] for Christmas*

In representing this last stage of the Hero of Austerlitz, brought home from St. Helena by the care of Louis Philippe, M. Roussel has chosen a subject which demanded either a sterner realism than he has given to his composition, or a touch of allegory which is out of fashion with the painters of our day, but which would not have been out of place in this scene of Napoleon's burial.

Ah! If Prudhon had had such a subject to deal with, he would have surrounded the actual fact with floating figures emblematic of the great Corsican's dazzling career.

When I have pointed out a "Hero of the Mexican War," by Mr. Thomas Seymour; M. Nozal's landscapes, M. Adrien Dumont's

ALGER — LAVIGERIE

F. BARTHOLDI

THE SAÔNE AND ITS TRIBUTARIES

JUIN DE 1898

pictures and M. Zwiller's picture of "Printing cotton goods in Alsace;" M. Legrand's portrait of Madame Loubet, and Monchablon's landscapes, I shall still have committed many sins of omission in the opinion of the exhibitors in the Salon of the Society of French Artists; but they must forgive me.

A thing that has always struck me in these exhibitions—and I do not allude to the one I have just described rather than to any other—is the impossibility, of which the exhibitors must always be conscious, of their ever succeeding in really commanding any comprehension of their idea and purpose amid a mass of pictures, however carefully arranged and hung for shows, even under the most favorable conditions. What has each artist aimed at expressing? Why this portrait out of its native element? What is that vast composition doing here? Or this array of landscapes killing each other by their juxtaposition?

It is the custom, I shall be told, every year in the early days of Spring, to go through this hanging process; the public find it amusing to wander through these annual picture-shows; it is an object for a walk or drive, a place to gossip and display smart clothes.

In fact, the most interesting thing in this sort of fair is the crowd that frequents it. And there may be a picture in a good light, hung under conditions altogether favorable—a charming picture, sweet or strong as the case may be—which will yet escape notice among the glaring tones that crush it and the glitter of a thousand gilt frames—always gilt!

When shall we see picture galleries *inhabited* as they should be, that is to say, furnished with fitting decoration?

In the garden where the sculpture stands, M. Falguière exhibits his "Statue of Cardinal Lavigerie," a fine work wrought by a master hand. All through his life M. Falguière has had the secret of giving any work his fancy selected a stamp of distinction which makes almost everything he does a masterpiece. He will leave a strongly individual mark on our century. But we must wait to see his "Lavigerie" in the marble.

"In the Seraglio," a bust in tinted wax, and "Psyche on the Rock," a statuette, are pleasing examples by M. Antonin Mercié. M. Emmanuel Frémiet has a spirited statuette in gilt bronze, "Maternity," and a group of fine quality, "The Roman Driver."

The monument to be erected in memory of Francis Garnier on the Place de l'Observatoire does great credit to M. Denys Puech; the shaft of an oriental column, round which three female figures stand entwined, was a happy inspiration. The bust of Garnier might perhaps be lowered a little—or a little more massive; it is difficult to say which. "The Child with a Fish," on the other hand, is above reproach, full of life and spirit.

M. Georges Gardet is such a master of wild animal life as we have not seen since Barye; the "Tigers and Lions" for the Château of Vaux-le-Vicomte have breadth and vigor; and the "Danish Dogs" are full of reserved power.

"The Nymph of the Oise," by M. Antonin Carlès, is one more exquisite composition by an artist of supreme charm.

Albert Lefeuvre gives us a happily-conceived group of "Sylphs."

M. Bartholdi displays ingenuity in his composition of "The Saône."

There are two noteworthy busts by M. Bernstamm, of M. Henri Brisson in marble and of M. Gérôme in bronze. This artist makes steady progress.

M. Alfred Boucher exhibits a statue of the "Philosophy of History," a firm piece of modeling thoroughly understood; M. Gauquié has designed a monument to be erected at Condé-sur-Escaut in memory of Mademoiselle Clairon.

"Tamerlane," by M. Gérôme, is a work of the same class and character as his "General Bonaparte" last year; but it is less pleasant, it is, besides, a Tamerlane who looks as if he had just stepped out of the arena of a circus. His horse, beautifully trained, sets his hoofs with elaborate care aside from the relics and spoils of massacre. The head, however, is really fine.

HE[illegible]A[illegible]E MAD[illegible]

Mme V. ENTWORTH

PORTRAIT

N LE 1898

Frederick MacMonnies exhibits among the works of the French artists, a "Quadriga" on a colossal scale, intended, it would seem, to adorn Prospect Park, Brooklyn (New York). This composition is truly amazing. They are very forgiving, in the New World, of the errors of our Old World.

A GRANCHI TAYLOR

M. Léopold Steiner's "Declining Years" is good, very good. These two old people, simply sitting together in the evening of life, form one of the most remarkable groups in the section of Sculpture of the Society of French Artists, which includes, moreover, many first-class works. Those sent by M. Marqueste and M. Marioton are extremely interesting. M. Peynot and M. Labatut are sculptors of high merit. M. Pézieux is improving; M. Récipon deserves mention.

"The Vision of the Virgin," a bas-relief by M. Castex, shows sincere feeling; still, I greatly prefer the "Monument to M. Fourier," by M. Derré. The attitude is unaffected, the working sound; in short, it is full of good qualities, showing a thorough artist. The "Monument to the poet Auguste Fourès," by M. Ducuing, is highly original. M. Breton's "Martyr" and M. Emile Breton's "Communion of Souls" deserve notice, as does M. Paul Moreau-Vauthier's "Sulamite." Two little statuettes by Maurice Ferrary are in charming

taste. And Louis Noël's "Père Olivaint" is a grand piece of work.

The jury of the Society of French Artists have awarded three first-class medals for sculpture: one to M. Henri Levasseur for the "Pearl" and the "Legend of Ruins," one a group in marble, the other in marble and bronze; the second to M. Hippolyte Lefebvre, for a statue in marble, "Mignon," and a marble group of "Niobe;" the third to M. Paul Loiseau-Rousseau, for the "Punishment by Crucifixion" and the "Negro Minstrel," both in marble and bronze.

Second-class medals were given to MM. Victor Peter, Bernard, Henri Plé, Léo Laporte-Blairsy, Auguste Maillard and Paul Roussel.

MM. Mathieu Besk, Vermare, Gardefeuille, Louis Castex, Girardin, Ducuing, Derré, Breton and Guillaume took third-class medals.

The supreme Council of the Beaux-Arts did not think fit to award traveling scholarships to MM. Guillaume and Breton, which is to be regretted, but it gave one to M. Derré, whose very striking monument to Fourier I have mentioned.

To speak in general terms of the contemporary school of sculpture —I speak of the work that emanates from the studios in the Rue Bonaparte—in spite of teachers of the highest merit, it must be said that it shows a tendency to falling off. The pupils do not get out enough, they do not go often enough to study the splendid collection of casts at the Trocadéro, where they can see such an amazing series of French work of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. There they would learn that the meaning of form is inseparable from the expression of meaning. They would find in those noble examples the same ruling idea which gave us the masterpieces of Greek art: namely, a feeling for line, a sense of form, and above all, calm tranquillity in the subject represented. The "Christ," at Amiens, for instance, is sublimely serene. Now, what seems to possess our young sculptors is not an anxious care in conscientiously expressing breadth of surface, but a mania for twisting the model so as to get an appearance of movement in which the lines lose their value by starting from anywhere, ending nowhere, and concealing their defects

THE OLD MILL

Wallet

under a pervading diffuseness of detail which reveals decadence.

The section comprising drawings, cartoons, water-colors, pastels, miniatures, glass windows, enamels, porcelain and earthenware, fills an important place in the show of the Society of French Artists. It is less in favor than the sections of painting and sculpture, and yet it includes a number of very interesting works. The water-color drawings by M. Auguste Allongé, the "Lake of Gérardmer" and the "Heath of Fontainebleau," deserve notice for their breadth of treatment. M. José Jimenez Aranda, of Seville, exhibits a series of curious "Illustrations to Don Quixote;" "Peonies" and "Dahlias," by M. Zacharie Astruc, are worth looking at. I particularly like the "Sunrise over the Sèvre-Niortaise," by M. Léon Barillot. Madame Beaury-Saurel's portraits in pastel are firmly handled, and M. Benjamin-Constant exhibits a fine drawing, "Portrait of my Nephew." Mademoiselle Marie Besson is conscientious in her portraits on porcelain. I know no work more amusing in its way than M. Casciaro's sketches in the "Neighborhood of Naples," and of "Capri." Whether he uses water-color or pastel as the medium for his impressions, M. Casciaro always makes them droll. They are as witty as the little bronze figures Gemito used to model in sport. M. Chifflart affects dramatic subjects; this year the "Death of Masaniello" and the "Death of Valentine" are depicted with his usual taste for gloomy subjects. M. Yan Dargent is happier this year in his water-color work than in oil-painting. "The Pond of Ségure" is better than the "Creek of Dinan."

Noteworthy among others are M. Marcel Deslignières, M. Jules Didier, who has had his hour of fame, and MM. Gustave Fraipont, Gélibert, Granchi-Taylor. Miss Graham-Smith has learned much that is good from her master, M. Mathey. M. Gritsenko shows us, in a water-color picture, the "Arrival of the French Squadron at Cronstadt, August 23rd, 1897.". M. Grolleron, in his sketch of "An Ambush," displays his powers as a military painter; M. Georges Jeannin has painted some brilliant-hued roses; M. Henri

Martin exhibits two superb works, "Dante," and "Esperanza." The illustrations by M. Gaston Mélingue to Alexandre Dumas' "Une Vie d'Artiste" are delightful variations on the author's theme. Charles Monginot sends "A stroke of the Plane." There is a pleasing tone of color in M. Henri Motte's "Mene, Tekel, Phares," and M. Nozal, in his *gouache* work, gives us dazzling bits of color. M. Pointelin exhibits a fine—a very fine drawing, "Autumn." The "Caravan" and "Hoar frost in Sologne," are also to be noted. The former executed in *gouache*, and the second in pastel, give us two examples of the talents of M. Rigolot, an Orientalist.

We also find in this section for water-colors, pastels, drawings, cartoons, miniatures, stained-glass, enamels, china and earthenware, besides the enormous mass of works, for the most part pleasing and even genuinely admirable exhibited by the female contingent, certain examples of bold design which do honor to the talents of some of the men whose works we have spoken of in the section of oil-painting. I may indeed confess that I find a peculiar pleasure in wandering through the rooms where we see in the studies for pictures, which have quite lost sight of the sketches, all the charm given by the artist to his first conception. I must, however, omit from this remark the arts of miniature painting, and the cartoons for glass, which both seem to me to be not only far from any improvement, but very nearly falling into decay.

And if we turn to the display of engravings we shall get the same impression. In spite of the skill of our engravers, they are visibly checked by the advance made every day in the thousand processes of reproduction to which photography has given rise. Facsimiles can now be produced of such amazing exactitude that the imitation may easily be mistaken for the artist's original drawing. The portfolio of twenty drawings by Degas, lately brought out by the firm of Goupil and Co., is, from this point of view, incomparable and unprecedented.

The Supreme Council of the Beaux-Arts, having to decide for one

ON THE TERRACE

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS

out of six candidates—MM. Bessé, Desboutin, Journot, Leleu, Voisin and Vyboud—since they had but one traveling scholarship to bestow for engraving, awarded it to M. Vyboud. M. Auguste Joseph Vyboud, who exhibits a fine line engraving, a portrait of M. Jean Paul Laurens, won it from M. André Desboutin, whose two

dry points, it must be acknowledged, are inferior to his exhibits last season.

On the same occasion the Supreme Council of the Beaux-Arts gave two traveling scholarships for Architecture. There were several competitors; not less than twelve, I believe. MM. Sirot and Boutron carried them off by the award of M. Charles Garnier and M. Vandemer.

Objets d'art are not yet admitted to figure in the competition for traveling scholarships. We shall come to it; the section of artistic crafts or decorative art, according to the designations adopted

by the two societies who exhibit, has within the last ten years expanded to important dimensions.

In the rooms of the Society of French Artists, M. Lalique is of all the exhibitors here represented the greatest favorite with the public. M. Lalique designs and mounts jewelry, gold ornaments and personal ornaments with great taste. We find in his work a reminiscence of the productions of the Renaissance, and at the same time an obvious reference to the ingenious arrangements of the American designer, Tiffany.

Medallists have been assigned a position by the Society of French Artists which places them in the first rank of contemporary art.

In the course of my visits to the Society's galleries I have frequently heard it remarked that it is a fortunate thing that this Society and the National Society of Fine Arts, should have obtained from the Government a place of exhibition which allows the two bodies to have their show in 1898, to look forward to another in 1899, and yet to prepare for the great artistic display in 1900.

It must be said that the Society of French Artists this year has taught us nothing, or very little that we did not know before. We find painters of recognized reputation giving us portraits of more or less well-known persons, arranged after their usual manner, or representing dramatic scenes and minor episodes on canvases of various dimensions.

We have, however, seen the worthy efforts crowned with success of certain younger men to whom the future is full of promise, as M. Wéry in the first rank, MM. Guinier and Royer in the second. But we live in the firm hope that French genius has some surprises in store for us for the year 1900. We feel convinced that, besides the works displayed during the last few years in the open day of our exhibitions, work must be going on, unknown, and as yet hidden from our eyes, which will give us the pleasure we look forward to.

DEFENDING THE BRIDGE OF THIELLE

SALON DE 1898

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MELISENDE APPEARING TO THE TROUBADOURS

LONDON 1898

I said at the beginning of this article that not less than a volume would suffice to enumerate all the remarkable studies of nature, culled from the fields or the sea-shore, and exhibited under the auspices of the Society of French Artists. It is to this careful observation of rural life that we must look, beyond doubt, for the revival and renewal of French painting; and I shall here mention some of these landscapes, taking them as they come, for they are not too favorably seen on the walls where they hang.

M. Jolyet's "Goose Girl" invites us to the contemplation of a calm and homely composition with an atmosphere of melancholy which gives an impression of truth.

In "The Bank of the Orne" M. Leroux shows us houses and trees by a bank of the river, boldly drawn and reflected in the sleeping waters; a peacefully clear sky carries out the feeling.

"Villeneuve-l'Étang" has been a source of happy inspiration to M. Riva and M. Mathieu.

M. Van de Velde, in his "Reminiscence of the floods," has given delicate expression to a scene in which everything is interesting, from the funereal barge to the dying gleam of the waters on the horizon.

M. Hirschfeld's "Christening a fishing barque" is a capital picture. The general effect is true; the figures are noble in character; and the beam of light in the background completes a scene most sincerely painted.

Why does M. Petitjean, in his "Village of Gudmont," show a constantly increasing tendency to exaggerated elaboration, adding unnecessary details to a landscape otherwise so broadly treated?

"Evening on the Pier, Douarnenez," by M. Abram, is a study of a well-composed group, under a gloomy sky.

Alpine scenery and the blue Mediterranean shore have furnished the walls of the Society of French Artists with numbers of paintings which criticism regards with indifference. Such views are but fragments; they lack the essential spirit of composition, the sense of line, in a word all the elements of a picture.

It is only by dint, indeed, of representing piecemeal the effects produced on the eye by the aspects of nature, that art can become rejuvenescent and achieve analysis, condensation—why not use the right word and say style. This cannot be too often repeated. The most gifted painter of all who exhibit in the rooms—among the younger generation, I mean—is M. Wéry. As we stand in front of his "Girl of Penmarch" we feel that here is a man who has patiently studied nature, and expunged from his brain all the errors left by the traditional training of the schools. Can it be supposed for a moment that M. Wéry has arrived at using his hand with such manly freedom as we here admire, without ever having felt his way, wavered and hesitated ?

After this rapid review of the exhibition in the galleries of the Society of French Artists, my readers will allow me to indulge in a few general reflections.

Have the annual exhibitions held under its auspices had a beneficial influence on the advancement of Art in France ?

I do not think so.

The Directors are men to whom none of the secrets are unknown of a certain manner of drawing, painting or modeling, and it has endeavored to make that language intelligible to all. It has encouraged the world at large to dabble in Art. Consequently, factories innumerable have sprung up, where every idle Frenchman in search of a profession in which he might distinguish himself from the herd has come to join the crowd round some master of note. Épinal has ceased to be Épinal; paint is all pervading. Hence the annual exhibitions are filled in every section with tasteless, meaningless, vapid productions, which, by their constantly increasing flood of monotonous outcome, have drowned out all that was original in the efforts of those who opened the sluices. The evil has risen to such a height that, not only must we wonder how many miles of wall will be needed for our picture-shows in the future—that is a matter for the architect and surveyor—but we are amazed to see

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the influence that this legion of amateur pupils have had on the talent of their teachers.

And this is why I should like to set apart those men who have not yet been touched by the prevalent epidemic, and give them alone the praise due to manly souls.

There is one, I have said it more than once in these pages, one of the Society of French Artists whom I place far above all his colleagues, for his sincerity of observation, his power as a painter, and the harmony of composition in the pictures he has produced.

Jean Jacques Henner is, in my opinion, one of the noblest artistic natures of which the French school can boast.

How was it that the Duc d'Aumale, who had so distinctly the will to be a patron of the Arts, and who was so fine a connoisseur, never thought of commissioning Henner to paint "The Nymph of Chantilly" instead of entrusting the panel over his dining-room chimney-shelf to the dry and commonplace hand of Baudry? How was it that a prince who knew and loved Clouet and Fouquet, Watteau and Ingres, who was in every matter of taste so thorough a Frenchman, should have overlooked the Alsatian master?

The "Magdalen" of the Colmar gallery is stamped with intrinsic grace, and such sweet, chaste beauty, that I know nothing more exquisite than that clear and refined vision of the nude. The contrasts are too strong we are told. But what does such intentional exaggeration matter if the end is attained, and we are captivated by the unspeakable charm that lives in this figure?

Gambetta would stand for hours in contemplation of the "Alsatian Girl" which hung in his private room in the Rue Montaigne. The depth of the child's eyes, the impression of absorbed serenity given by her simple attitude moved him to enthusiasm?

"Henner," he would say, "is equal to the greatest Masters;" and he was right.

It needs, indeed, no great gift of prophecy to foretell that his pictures, numerous as they are, will hereafter be sought after with as much avidity as those of Corot or of Manet.

Those who paint are many; those who think are few.

M. Bonnat is another who no less deserves to be placed out of reach of the invading torrent of art without art. M. Bonnat made a brilliant début in 1861 with a "Resurrection of Lazarus," which is one of his best compositions. But he was not long faithful to the line of picture-making; he turned to portrait-painting, with such enjoyment that he would be content to paint all his contemporaries. His early portraits, especially that of Madame Pasca, won him a wide reputation. Firm handling, refined accuracy of drawing, and clever arrangement distinguish the portrait of Madame Pasca, and his portrait of the Countess Potocka is no less remarkable; but M. Bonnat's wonderful facility has sometimes led him astray. His freedom of touch has occasionally proved heavy, and an over-loaded brush, far from helping to give brilliancy to the high lights on the flesh, have in fact added nothing to the effect. But these, it must at once be said, are but rare incidents in a long career as a portrait-painter.

The phenomenon is all the more singular because M. Bonnat,

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who has a very choice collection, lives in the presence of the irreproachable drawing of Ingres.

M. Lefebvre can never be accused of careless draughtsmanship. In every portrait from his hand he seems to have aimed at recording with absolute fidelity the air and action of his sitter. At the risk of a certain dryness of outline, in this respect he is, as it were, inexorable. For him implications have no charm; he insists on expressing exactly what his eye demands of his hand. But note: he is not an indifferent observer. Though he requires no more of his brush than is absolutely necessary, he adapts it to truth as well as to soberness of delineation.

The present President of the Society of French Artists, M. Jean Paul Laurens, must be sincerely distressed by the impudence and frivolity that surround him. M. Jean Paul Laurens stands before us, in fact, amid these ravings of contemporary art, as a man who has, no doubt, made some mistakes, but who is endowed with a rare austerity of nature, and a still rarer artistic conscience. His works are very numerous, and I repeat it, excepting a few errors of judgment, they are of splendid quality. Without affecting archæological airs, like some to whom archæology is but a form of caprice, he never treats a subject without giving it every accessory that may contribute to truth of effect. His landscape last year, "In the Lauraguais" was indeed a work revealing in the painter a power of conception equalled only by his determination to obtain truth of effect by sheer simplicity of treatment. M. Jean Paul Laurens aims directly at the essential element of his composition with a boldness that scorns all triviality and every kind of shirking. His manner is honest and decisive; and if there is a man who can do anything to stem the tide which is sweeping the Society of French Artists into effeteness, it is certainly he.

M. Jules Breton is a man of letters and of refinement. His poetry is the most attractive painting; his painting is a touching poem. He is not merely an artist, he is a fortunate man who

has removed from his path every pebble that might have hurt him.

M. Harpignies improves every day in breadth of purpose. The things that interest his eye are the massive outlines of gnarled trees, the depths of translucent horizons. He shuts himself apart in this

worship of the visible; he walks on, indifferent to the crowd; he is, and means always to be, himself.

M. Benjamin-Constant is unfailingly kind to his fellow-artists, but often merciless to his sitters; he has dealt very hardly with M. Hanotaux.

I have already remarked that M. Bouguereau and M. Gérôme are men of convictions. M. Bouguereau obeys the mystical tendencies of his early training. He treats his subject, whether Christian or Pagan, with equal determination to please, and he has a following of admirers on both sides of the Atlantic who delight in his dexterous elegance,

pay highly for it, and gaze on it with joy. I knew M. Bouguereau many years ago at La Rochelle, his native place, and since those days of his youth he has not altered his style. He remains faithful to the definite in the indefinite, to sound drawing inspired by the sentiment of old subjects, to color subdued so as not to interfere with the value of line in which he so devoutly believes. In his "Portrait of Monsieur and Madame Boucicault," which is one of his best works, M. Bouguereau is evidently convinced that he has accurately represented a man and a woman; he has failed to perceive that finikin and doubtful handling must always be expressionless. Still, it must be said, M. Bouguereau is a painter of excellent gifts. M. Gérôme is an artist of higher pretensions than M. Bouguereau. His painting is not perhaps less anæmic than that of his colleague, but, by means alien indeed to art, M. Gérôme believes that he can give the semblance of art to "restorations" in which the general value of the composition is commonly lost in a minute elaboration of accessories, and the aroma of poetry evaporates at the instant when he believes he has captured it. M. Gérôme's works will always be a curious study, but not one excites the feelings. Still he, like those I have already mentioned, is an artist who holds a place apart. He has never allowed himself to succumb to the craving for popularizing art-teaching, which has been the bane of so many of his fellows.

And what we ask of men who have convictions, such as he, as M. Detaille, and M. François Flameng, is that they should carry out their principles and remain faithful to their beliefs. We may not see as they see, but even if their dogmas do not satisfy us, we are grateful to them for making no concessions to vulgarizing Art—which is equivalent to killing it. For, as Manet very truly said, Art always loses in height what it gains in breadth.

See, for instance, M. Detaille. By education, taste and natural aptitude M. Detaille has been led to become a military painter. He has devoted himself to the strictly veracious delineation of everything that concerns a soldier's career; he has studied the outfit and action

he has recorded the hardships and glories of miliary life. Nothing has been to difficult for him to attempt, and he has succeeded almost as often as he has ventured on compositions of the most varied kind in the class of subject he has made his own. But if M. Detaille had consented to teach military painting in some studio for amateurs, our exhibitions would be flooded by a legion of his imitators. He has been firm enough to turn a deaf ear to the blandishment of fashionable studio-masters; and we must be grateful to him.

As to his painting in itself, it is, like M. François Flameng's, too much painted. Setting aside the inspiring interest of his subjects, and taking his dogma for granted—as respectable as those of M. Bouguereau and M. Gérôme—we do not find in either of these artists the passionate feeling for atmospheric vitality which charms us in those who are spoken of as impressionists. A long dissertation might be written on the evolution, during the latter half of this century, of men who have not lingered over the rehabilitation of commonplace and time-worn subjects, but who have sat down in the dazzling sunshine and open air, to represent by the purest color the reflections cast up from the ground and down from the clouds. Their faith may be disputed, their boldness scoffed at; but they have, nevertheless, brought such a new scheme into the theory of picture-making that all who do not accept it seem behind the times. In M. Detaille's skirmishes the drawing is irreproachable, the color true, but there is a lack of atmosphere in these crowded masses overloaded with distracting facts.

At the same time, it is not the man alone whom I value in M. Detaille—a man whose loyalty and loftiness of spirit are most engaging; I value the painter too. I take keen pleasure in discovering in his pictures the always truthful details of his figures and faces. I delight in the general arrangement of his compositions, always so skillfully designed. But all this certainty of hand, this comprehension of a whole, do not compensate for the lack of atmosphere surrounding the personages in action. So little is needed to achieve perfection. Still, far be it from me to ask that little. He is complete in his

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OFFICERS ON BOARD THE PRESIDENT

own form, and would be quite wrong not to go on in his own way.

Where is the man who has been more flattered and petted than M. François Flameng? He has succeeded in everything, why then ask him to alter his manner, that is to say, to weaken and spoil his work by adopting methods which he does not like? It is so rarely that we meet with an artist of marked individuality!

M. JEANNIN. *Portrait.*

My reasons for speaking of this handful of painters who still hold their own in the Society of French Artists, is that from their various points of view they are the bulwark of staunch principles.

The State is far indeed from this. It professes the most diverse opinions in matters of art; it ought perhaps to profess none.

This, however, is a question which has been often discussed and never answered.

When a Ministry of Fine Arts was first constituted, in 1881, it was established on the basis of a theory that the State ought only to arbitrate in matters of Art, that its mission was to encourage every form of originality by enabling it to obtain instruction, but without extending exclusive protection to any. This was a law of freedom quite unlike our despotic dealings. At that time, in the opinion of the majority, the reason why France had had so extensive an artistic influence in the world was just because she had selected and adhered to

an uniform system of training; that, consequently, the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, far from being thrown open to every pupil or professor who should come to imbibe the true principles of art, should refuse to admit any but those whom the State should select to learn or to teach; and that everything should be taught there, from the elements of drawing by a fixed method, to the right way of handling the brush and the chisel, and of setting out architectural designs and plans.

It may be remembered that not long after the Supreme Council of the École des Beaux-Arts had passed a vote declaring that the existence of gratuitous classes at the School was a form of competition that might prove injurious to any independent attempts at teaching, it repealed this vote on the suppression of the Ministry of Art, and that things went on again as before. The regulations, jurys, medal-giving and commissions were received into favor again. Every artist, with rare exceptions, set to work once more, his eyes always turned, as Castagnary said, to the central authority, seeking by the help of favor, of intrigue, of a perpetual struggle to please, to attract the benevolent eye of some influential functionary in the ranks of Art Directors.

Republican principles had taken the place of the monarchical rule. In its results it was even more disastrous, because, under an intelligent sovereign, as of old in the Minor Italian States, the enlightened judgment of a single man could serve Art in a way which can hardly be expected from a convocation of persons, all equally well-meaning, no doubt, but not all possessed of the knowledge needed for discernment, and animated perhaps by a desire to please everybody in defiance of the fabulist's moral.

We saw an instance of this desire to give satisfaction to all parties not only at the Panthéon, where commissions were distributed with lamentable eclecticism, but also at the Hôtel-de-Ville.

With every intention of being loyally impartial, the Municipal Council of Paris, or at any rate the Commissioners to whom it intrusted the responsibility of disposing of the money voted for the promotion of the Arts, have given a series of commissions for paint-

AFTER THE STORM

ings and pieces of sculpture both outside and inside the building erected by M. Ballu, composing altogether the most amazing hodge-podge ever dreamed of. Fact here appears side by side with poems and allegories. In the midst of this medley of works of every description, we should feel quite distracted, were it not that here and there we come upon a well-designed piece of sculpture, or a superior painting, which gives repose to the eye and enables the brain to recover its balance.

In our annual exhibitions we sometimes fancy we must be dreaming as we see on the pedestal of certain statues the formula : "Bought by the State."

Whose doing is it that a Purchasing Committee can walk through the galleries of the Champ de Mars, and, with the consent of the Minister, who is, I believe, consulted in the last resort, buy works which we should rejoice to see in the catalogue of the Friends of Art *(Société des Amis des Arts)*, because no one need subscribe to their lotteries, or in that of the Art Union *(Société populaire des Beaux-Arts)*, because no one need belong to it?

I was talking the other day to one of the oldest officials of the École des Beaux-Arts. "It is very easy," said he, "to find fault with officials and to abuse the encroachments of functionaries, but who is to blame? Not a day passes without the creation of places by the authorities simply that they may ask for them for their friends. Meanwhile what becomes of private initiative? What encouragement does it get? Mention only one independent spirit whose work is on a level with the idea that inspired it, and who, nevertheless, can slip through the circle where everybody links arms to hinder the intrusion of any who have not passed the tests required of the catechumen. To be free to do the thing one has imagined, as one imagined it, is happiness no doubt, but it is generally ruin as well."

It is true that the men of whom I have spoken in the Society of French Artists are exempt from the servility expected of the hapless wretches who have not shaken off the yoke. But that which makes

them worthy is that they have not done what is so easy to do—what unfortunately so many have done—not made use of their notoriety to become teachers in the studios which turn out so many of the artists who crowd our exhibitions. It is quite enough that they are professors at the Beaux-Arts; nay, it is too much.

We shall indeed see only too soon how much our luckless country has lost of its influence on the progress of art throughout the world. It must be admitted, even now, that though foreign painters come to appropriate such evident portions of truth as they can take, they are careful not to follow our example in the official system where we are certainly weak, much less to tread in our footsteps along the path which leads to making the practice of Art a mere amusement for amateurs.

And now, what are the purchases made by the State and the City of Paris in the rooms of the Society of French Artists?

The State has bought a picture by M. Jules Adler—not "Popular Amusements," of which I have spoken, but a study called "A Man in a Blouse," a piece of modern genre, intended, no doubt, for some provincial museum, but not devoid of merit. It has also purchased the "Woman with a Black Cat," by M. Béronneau; the two works are of about equal merit, but M. Adler's is perhaps the more sincere.

M. Paul Biva exhibits "Poppies," and M. Henri Biva an "Evening effect, Villeneuve-l'Étang," which have invited the attention of the Purchasing Committee.

M. Achille Cesbron, whose "Rose-garland" has also met with the favor and patronage of the Committee, is an artist of considerable mark, to be in every way distinguished from other painters of flowers and fruit. The French School has always had a partiality for still-life. It has also been triumphantly successful in representing it; and if we may class with studies of inanimate objects anything so living as M. Cesbron's flowers, he may be said to be faithful to the soundest tradition. I recollect indeed an exhibition of his own works only, which M. Achille Cesbron held at the club in the Rue Volney, three or four years ago, I think, which revealed the development of

his really fine talent under every aspect. There was not a study among them that had not its own charm. Achille Cesbron was an intimate friend of Feyen Perrin's. He has done him honor in a large picture, which was not indeed the best he could show, but did touching homage to the old friendship between the two men. It is to be hoped that M. Benedite, the curator of the Luxembourg, will claim possession of the "Rose-gariand."

"Setting Out for School," by M. Chayllery, has been selected by the Purchasing Committee, and likewise the "Village, Bréhat," by M. Henry Dabadie.

The merits of this "Village" are not merely those of technique. There is a search for truth about it, if I may say so; it is not merely a well-filled canvas, but a picture full of thought, and suggesting thought.

Madame Demont-Breton's "Seamen" is characterized by sobriety of composition; but why attempt to conquer such immense difficulties? The effort is no doubt a great one, and this is what the Purchasing Commission have intended to recompense; still, a better choice perhaps would have been that of "On the Blue Waters," though here again the result has hardly come up to the artist's aim and purpose.

"The Return from Hunting," by Mademoiselle Delasalle, and the "Conversion of Mary Magdalene," by M. Devambez, will, I fear,

teach nothing to the students who may go to look at them in the galleries where they are to be hung, beyond the fact that Mademoiselle Delasalle is decidedly clever, and that M. Devambez is a docile follower of the teaching he has had, and has derived from it all the benefit that an intelligent pupil can get from what has evidently been a sound course of study.

I prefer to these M. Dufour's "Village of la Frette." A "Sunbeam on Sorrow," by M. Enders, is a good purchase.

> Le Silence funèbre envahit les grands bois,
> Par eux peuplés jadis de visions si douces.
> Pan venait d'expirer. Tombez, ô feuilles rousses,
> Tombez, fit la Dryade en pleurs, mourante voix.

These lines, by M. Emile Blémont, have served as the text for M. Gabriel Guay's picture of the "Last Dryad." The impression is so truthful, the autumn feeling is so tangible, that we can but feel grateful to M. Guay for so successfully bringing before us a thing we have so often seen.

I have already expressed my opinion of M. Guinier's "Children of Mary," and his portrait of M. Henner. These acquisitions we can only heartily approve.

"Moonlight in Champagne," by M. Guéry, takes us back to the heroic days when Corot, Rousseau and Daubigny valiantly led the crusade of the Naturalistic school against the unbelievers who painted conventional landscape.

M. Jamin, in his "Lake-dwelling," where the return of the men is announced to their expectant wives, takes us back to the level of pretty pictures. The wish to restore the ages of the past is a noble ambition. M. Cormon has tried it with great success. M. Jamin's attempt is not so happy.

The broad, soundly drawn sweep of line, and the charming effect of color that M. Joubert gives us in the "Seine at Vétheuil," make it a most attractive work. I have spoken of M. Franck Lamy's "October." How is it that among the many charming and clever

works that the Purchasing Committee might have selected, it should have chosen this by M. Franck Lamy?

The "Jubilee Celebration in Westminster Abbey of Queen Victoria's accession, June 22, 1897," has the value of a historical document which Mr. William Edward Lockhart has made as complete as possible.

The purchase of M. Auguste Leroux's "Samson and Delilah" and of M. Maxence's "Heart of the Forest," is the due reward of honest efforts which, it must be hoped, will not end here. I refer more especially to M. Leroux, for M. Maxence's handling is so final in its style that it may be feared that there is nothing beyond.

The Purchasing Committee have also bought Mademoiselle Juana Romani's "Salome," and they might have made a worse choice.

They are to be congratulated on having acquired "Sunday Morning," by M. Duvent, one of the best pictures in the two Salons, and "Menelik at the Battle of Adowa, by M. Paul Buffet, a composition that I think excellent.

"Bathing Time," by M. Paul Leroy has good qualities, but its best quality is unity of treatment.

M. Petitjean has already done a considerable amount of work, and few painters have enjoyed more or better earned favors from the authorities. His picture, "A Squall in a Dock, Dunkirk," will figure well in one of our provincial galleries.

The owner of M. Noirot's "View of Polignac, Department of the Haute-Loire," has consented to give up to the State this very interesting work by the Roanne painter. And the "Banks of the Orge, at Vaucluse," will look well as a companion picture to that of M. Noirot.

"The Reception of the Ashes of Napoleon I. at the Invalides," by M. Bonnat, was painted as a commission from the Government.

I am pleased, too, to see on the list of purchases the "Bull-fight," by M. Henri Zo.

His father, Achille Zo, was a fellow-student with me in Couture's

studio. He had brought a little of the Bayonne sunshine with him to the Rue de Laval, and made careful studies from the model. I have a little bit of still-life by him full of delightful feeling. All Bayonne is to be seen in this painting of melons and fruit. The only thing wanting is the little cup of thick chocolate which everyone takes in the morning, in the Spanish fashion.

M. Henri Zo exhibits another picture, "A game at Pelote." This form of rackets is the national game of Béarn. The natives of Catalonia come across the Pyrenees to play matches with the Basques, and the game requires not merely great agility, but considerable strength and endurance. Of old, when staying at Bagnères-de-Luchon, we had a passion for playing "pelote;" and I remember being present at a heroic struggle between the champion teams of France and Spain.

Achille Zo is a friend of Bonnat's. His son is his pupil, and the two pictures exhibited in the Salon of 1898, the "Bull-fight" and the "Game of Pelote," give promise of a true artist.

In the "Backwater of the Seine, by the Ile de Vaux, near Paris," by M. Wallet, there is less sunshine than in M. Henri Zo's pictures, but a delightfully poetical atmosphere.

It is pleasanter to sit dreaming in the deep grass than to linger with M. Pierre "In the Studio," though M. Pierre has a better idea of an interior than the more famous M. Lobrichon, with his Dresden china figures.

The Purchasing Committee has secured M. Royer's "Ex Voto," which took the *Prix du Salon;* and this is well done.

In the section of sculpture, with the exception of the "Martyr," by M. Breton; the figure of "Study," by M. Carlès; the "Danish Dog," by M. Gardet; and the "Saint John," by M. Marqueste, the purchases seem to have been the result of no less mysterious guidance than those of the pictures.

The "Sleeping Spring," by M. Badin, is no doubt a well-designed group, and the lines are pure and elegant; but what

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gaps in the composition! M. Captier's "Joys of First Motherhood" are happily conceived: still, nature is surely more severe in its modeling. The feeling that suggested M. Choppin's "Recruit of 1792" is in every way praiseworthy. But the touch is lacking in that which might give this work the expression of a superior mind. However, it is very difficult to deal with a subject so often treated: to give new life to such an idea needs great artistic power.

The "Good Samaritan," by M. Sicard; the "Resurrection," by M. Rose; the "Return," by M. Seysses, amply prove that the art of the chisel is not dying out from among us; but I do not value it highly, and would rather see some breadth and truth, even if the execution were rather less elaborately finished.

Besides the Purchasing Commission acting for the State, the Municipality of Paris bought sundry examples.

This is their list:

Pictures: "Moonrise over the Heights (Corrèze)," by M. Bourgeois; "The River," M. Carl-Rosa; "The Market, Paris," M. Darien; "Morning, the Valley of the Creuse," M. Didier-Pouget; "Heights of Châtillon," M. Guillemet; "The Hamlet," M. Hallé; "The Seine, Pont au Change," M. Lecomte; "The Village of Gudmont," M. Petitjean; "An Esthetical Soirée," M. Truchet.

Sculpture: "Soft Languor," by M. Gonin-Vital; "Datura, a torch-bearer," by M. Galy.

Nothing but praise is due to the Municipal Committee and its president, M. Hattat. The town, ignoring the tendencies which carry artists away to one manner or another, has but one aim, namely, to collect as many works as possible from among those which have an interest for Paris.

It has quite lately entrusted the re-arrangement of the gallery at the Hôtel Carnavalet to two very competent and energetic men: M. Georges Cain and M. Levayer. The curators who preceded these gentlemen had shown indisputable zeal, but the arrangement of the collections in the Rue de Sévigné lacked that certainty of knowledge

which M. Georges Cain and M. Levayer have brought to the task of classification.

M. Georges Cain has arranged in the rooms formerly reserved for the topography of old Paris some paintings by Jeaurat, Hubert-Robert, Oudry, Saint-Aubin, Cochin, Debucourt, Carle Vernet, and a little-known artist, Jean-Baptiste Nicolas Raguenet, of the Academy of Saint-Luc, who, so long ago as 1732, exhibited views of Paris of the most interesting character. Among modern painters, Emmanuel Lansyer holds his own with impressions of Paris of admirable exactitude.

M. Georges Cain will find much to do in enriching the artistic records of Paris, and the Committee of the Municipal Council has given him valuable assistance.

The pictures of the "Central Market," by M. Darien; the fine painting by M. Guillemet of the "Heights of Châtillon," and M. Lecomte's "Seine, the Pont au Change," will add to the Carnavalet collection a true presentment of scenes familiar to us, and views that are well known.

There is a painter among whose works M. Georges Cain may glean

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a rich harvest, and who has not yet earned all the fame he deserves. I speak of Stanislas Lépine—but I will not indulge in retrospect, but return to the exhibitions of 1898.

The Municipal body has a choice of places where its other acquisitions may be displayed; but the "Esthetical Soirée" would look well in the rooms of the Galliera Museum, extremely well arranged by M. Formentin, where nothing is lacking but space, to form an extremely interesting collection.

There are among the exhibitors at the Salon of the Society of French Artists some names which I regret not to find on the list either of the purchases for the State or of those for the Municipality of Paris.

In the foremost rank of these exhibitors I must place M. Fantin-Latour.

"Rising" and "Andromeda" are two pictures of such exquisite feeling and such masterly handling that we should like to have them in one of our public galleries, because nothing can be more instructive. As we look we learn. There is no uneasiness here, no hesitancy. The man is absolute master of his art. Can it be doubted that a study of the works of Fantin-Latour are a better lesson than the dissertations of a professor whose first care it is to come between nature and the pupil, or to discuss the works of the great masters? If we were to ask Fantin-Latour to teach what he knows and how he does it, he would refuse to a certainty, but his works are there, and it would be easy to place them before the eyes of those who really wish to study. Besides, the association of all that is most instructive is what collections are made for.

M. Henri Martin exhibits two pictures. One is a commission for Toulouse; the other is bought by M. Maciet. But his two drawings "Dante" and "Esperanza," might have been acquired by the State or the Municipality.

The picture called "At Sea," by Max Bohm, deserved such a distinction.

Again, why not have bought the "Teverone," by M. Harpignies, or "Mending the Nets," by Madame de Mertens?

Mr. Max Bohm's picture is, with those of M. Wéry and M. Guinier, the most remarkable work contributed by our younger painters to the Salon of the Society. When time shall have mellowed this painting, softening its harsher tones and fusing the color, it will remain one of the most remarkable works of our day. Its powerful originality will be obvious to every eye, and no one will dispute the merits of the boldest subject ever suggested by the life of seafaring men.

Mr. Max Bohm has chosen the simplest possible action, drawn with irreproachable truth. The color and tone of the water are admirable. Everything lives and moves in this painter's works; so much so that the portions lying in shadow are so perfectly transparent that there is not a spot which fails to reveal the artist's strong qualities and unfaltering eye. I have the greatest confidence in this young American's future progress, and when I see in the catalogue that he is staying in the delightful little town of Étaples, so thoroughly French in its character, and that he has studied under M. Jean Paul Laurens and M. Benjamin-Constant, I do not hesitate to claim him as a French artist and give him his letters of naturalization.

The sea has been a source of happy inspiration to our younger painters this year. Nor need this surprise us. It is an admirable background for scenes of daily life to those who frequent its shore, or for more stirring dramas to those who venture on its changeful waters.

I have already mentioned M. Wéry, who has taken the life of fisher folk as the subject of a fine work. Madame de Mertens has been studying the same class of men, and has painted an incident in the lives of these humble toilers, in a style which is less forcible, perhaps, than M. Wéry's, since she is a woman, but not less conscientious.

There are more artists yet who might legitimately have hoped for the honor of purchase. For instance M. Rigolot, with his "Arab Festival" and "An Interior, Bou Saada." I have, as a rule, no great fancy for Oriental subjects. M. Durand Ruel has given us an exhibition which almost led me to regret Fortuny and Fromentin; but M. Rigolot distinguishes himself from the common Orientalist by a preference for studies, and a dislike for foregone conclusions, qualities which are valuable in our day. In his work the sky and the outlines of the landscape are rendered with a delicacy of touch which is the record of a direct impression.

E FREMIET *Maternity*

M. Maurice Bompart exhibits a scene of Arab life, marked by high qualities, but rather too artificially composed.

M. Joseph Bail sends some interesting work in pictures of still-life. I have given him the praise he deserves. But I quite understand that the Purchasing Committees should prefer to leave his pots to hang to the crook of the private collector.

"On the Water," by M. Paul Chabas, is, on the other hand, a picture that might well have attracted the attention of the Committees.

> Elle rêve, elle chante et sa compagne écoute.
> L'eau dort sous le baiser défaillant du soleil
> Et la barque légère en glissant suit sa route
> Dans la douceur du soir vers le lointain vermeil.

M. Paul Chabas' boat is floating on the tide that leads to success.

It may safely be promised to him if he only will try to see things with an eye less absorbed by useless half-tones.

On the second of July, at the ceremony of the distribution of prizes and medals to the members of the Society of French Artists, M. Jean Paul Laurens uttered some brave words.

He spoke with vigor against amateurs, the false pilgrims who wander, as he said, like vagabonds along our walls, hanging them, in the name of Art, with their dingy, colorless attempts, dividing the spectator's attention, diminishing his interest and casting on true artists the discredit and reprobation which should attach only to the interlopers. "We must form a plan of campaign," cried the President of the Society, "to clear away the parasites who here cling on to French art and imperil it. It is the part of the State to assist us," he added, "by not being lavish of its encouragements to too many competitors. Only those who feel their vocation, and whose vocation is evident, have a right to benefit by the interest taken in artists by the nation. Nothing does art greater mischief than misdirected favors in the form of purchases or commissions to second-rate men."

Wiser words were never spoken, and we beg to offer the President of the Society of French Artists our warmest thanks for his sound and comforting speech.

For a long time, as has been said more than once in the course of these remarks on the Salon of 1898, this annually increasing legion of sham artists have been treated with blamable indulgence. The way, the only way, to root out the mischief, is to reform the École des Beaux-Arts, to be less lax in admitting students, and, above all, to put an end to the disastrous system of gratuitous teaching in studios, which makes rivalry impossible on the part of those who could, as of old, give sound instruction.

M. Jean Paul Laurens is right. Let the State set the example. And we would add, let the Society of French Artists, on their part, do what is most urgently necessary. Let it put an end to the tolerant

rule by which it admits to its exhibitions all the works introduced by amateurs, and at the same time give up the too old-world system of medals and "Honorable mention."

I was the first to demand that the Society of French Artists should award the Medal of Honor to that great artist Henner, since medals and certificates were still to be given this year. But, though it is touching to see artists almost unanimously agreed to do honor to their great fellow-artist, is it not painful to see a man of his age come up to a platform to receive, like a schoolboy, the prize due to him for so many years, and only bestowed so late?

At this ceremony, on the second of July, the Minister for Public Instruction and the Fine Arts added to the medal voted to Henner the ribbon of a Commander of the Legion of Honor, and he talked of the glories of the French School, and congratulated the French Academy on having elected M. Guillaume, the director of the Villa Medici at Rome, to sit among the immortals.

But to return to M. Jean Paul Laurens' discourse, which was not merely the feature of the day, but an important event and a happy one in this year 1898.

It was high time that an authoritative voice should be heard on a matter which for some years has been treated in so hap-hazard a fashion that, helped by the Julian studios, we were threatened with an invading flood of amateurs drowning out those who have still some respect for art, and receiving reward, honor and patronage from feeble admirers.

The amateurs in fact have become so numerous that they have formed themselves into bodies and at this time have the command of our public collections.

Nor are they satisfied with this. Disguised as artists or as patrons of art, they have called to their aid all iconoclastic literature. In Russia and in France dogmatic writers have anathematized art, excommunicating it to cry up the easier methods for the benefit of young ladies. The whole phalanx of disappointed ambitions and foolish

failures have joined in arms against the thoughtful artist. Individuality is lacking to such a degree that we begin to regret the days when the Institut represented one opinion and its opponents another, now at a time when no one seems to have one of his own, and painters, strong in a quite offensive technical dexterity, indulge in a vulgar mockery of all that once had some meaning and expressed some idea.

Rather let us go back to the old Academical formula and the violent protests to which it gave rise; only, as M. Jean Paul Laurens says, let us be rid of the parasites who crowd and disfigure our walls.

When we walk in the midst of those eloquent but long-despised mediæval monuments, the noble relics of a period which had an ideal, we are filled with legitimate pride.

When behind the odious Italian renaissance with its atrocious mannerisms, we see all the simplicity and sincerity stamped on it by French intellect; when, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, we feel the revival of that freedom of inspiration which is the mark of our individuality; when, finally, in the nineteenth century, we discern the true David under his classical mask, and hail those noble artists, Eugène Delacroix, Corot, Millet, Courbet, Manet, Rude and Carpeaux, we bow religiously before the invincible faith which has upheld French Art throughout the ages. But to day, while such words as those of Jean Paul Laurens encourage us to hope, the raids led by Tolstoï and his effete followers leave us as cold as the rank and file of useless work which is the thing they love.

I know not whether the Minister for Public Instruction and the Fine Arts was informed beforehand, when he replied to the address of the President of the Society of French Artists; but he had a valuable answer ready, and joined with him in protesting against the traffic in the temple.

In the absence of the great artist who has not offered himself at the recent elections to the Institut: Puvis de Chavannes, whose

DOCTOR IN ARMS

abstention I have already deplored—in the absence, too, of Fantin-Latour and Carrière, he was called upon to speak in praise of the candidates who have recently claimed that honor, and among these, more especially MM. Cormon, Flameng, Aimé Morot, and Dagnan-Bouveret.

For twenty years or more M. Cormon, with increasing assiduity and success, has sent to the Salon almost every season some works of marked individuality. That he exhibits this year is the fruit of many years of patient research and ever-progressive painstaking. The freedom of handling is most remarkable. The State commissioned him to carry through an important work; ought not the State then to offer him such compliments as it lavishes with prodigality on inferior men?

M. François Flameng, in his "Waterloo," has made a daring attempt. While working on the lines dictated by his natural instincts, he attracts us by his perfect taste combined with great learning. Carefully avoiding feeble repetitions of hackneyed attitudes, he has introduced into a highly complicated composition a fresh breath of reality which betrays profound study. M. François Flameng is an artist whom we watch with growing interest, and if he goes on with such stately strides his will ere long be a name to quote.

M. Dagnan-Bouveret has the gift of striking the mind by the solemnity of his compositions. Never do they fail to be impressively dignified. We feel that behind the man who paints, there is a philosopher who thinks. The right hand portion of his picture of "Christ" this year has a peculiar charm. The painter has represented himself with his wife and their son, in the shadow, worshipping Christ who stands in the middle of the picture in full daylight. To the left are two disciples, one leaning forward towards Christ. Words cannot describe the happy skill of this composition. No trace is there here of a 'prentice hand or of training under official influence. This is mastery, in the highest and best sense of the word. M. Dagnan-

Bouveret began by "snapshot" studies of the types and manners of the day. He still has this love of the modern and visible real, taking subjects which have apparently nothing to do with the present time to which he lends the halo of his passion for truth, so effectually that, like Rembrandt and many others before and since, he puts into his pictures all the passion of living men, and even adapts the garb of every-day wear. And then M. Dagnan-Bouveret paints, possessing his soul in peace, in a way that reminds us of the earliest painters. He respects his art, respecting his idea. And who else can express an idea in a picture? The phenomenon is so rare as to deserve recognition, and the Minister for Instruction and the Fine Arts might have given it.

BOUCHER. *Les m anded — ila m*

At this last election to the Academy of Fine Arts M. Aimé Morot won against the three other candidates. There were reasons for this. M. Aimé Morot is, by education and relationship, a member of the family as it were; still, it would be unfair to cast a doubt on his great personal merits.

M. Aimé Morot is, in fact, a well-equipped artist. He has done

a great deal of work, and his work, which is remarkable for a sound knowledge of the horse, has never aimed, like M. Dagnan-Bouveret's, at appealing to the mind; its success has been based on power of expression and on high artistic qualities which must be strongly insisted on to retain the admirers of his fine and solid painting.

This year M. Aimé Morot's happiest effort, to my mind, is the "Portrait of the Prince of Arenberg," rather than that of the "Duc de la Rochefoucauld." The Prince of Arenberg, though a great horseman—he is, I think, the President of the Society for the Encouragement of Racing—has chosen to be painted in his study. The head is a little thrown back; the legs are cleverly foreshortened. The expression of the countenance is most attractive. There is in some parts of this picture the most terribly careless drawing, but the whole effect is good, and it has the charm that comes of the pleasing expression and purpose resulting from the general arrangement. We are face to face with a gentleman who has a taste for study, whose well-formed brow covers thought, and whose eye—the window of the soul as the painter Gros called it—is full of lively intelligence.

The portrait of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld is, in my opinion, less successful. The accessories are more pompous. Against a background of trees, a horse, very boldly designed, carries his rider who sits him well. The whole composition is full of dignity, and we see that M. Aimé Morot has painted this equestrian figure *con amore*. His decision of hand is wonderful, and his knowledge of tone gives the work a stamp of simplicity, power and harmony such as we have missed in earlier works of the same class by this painter in former Salons. But what leads me to prefer that of the Prince of Arenberg is the less brusque and less violent method of execution, although, as I must repeat, there is admirable harmony of general effect in that of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, and it is painted with much power and truth. Now to seal the glory of these virile workers, these

sincere artists, would again have been an admirable corollary to the valiant pronouncements of the President of the Society of French Artists.

These painters are not related in blood; yet they are one family; the great family of French Artists, who will find means to relegate amateurs to their rightful place—a place which is not in the Salons thrown open year by year to the public to enable them to judge of the progress our national art is making towards the goal it has always kept in sight, the presentment of Life.

NATIONAL FINE ART SOCIETY.

PAINTING.

THE Section for Painting in the exhibition of the National Society contains works of the greatest interest.

There is one artist who is as prominently the leader of this Association as M. Henner is of the Society of French Artists. M. Puvis de Chavannes is a most captivating central personality. Indifferent to hierarchies, ignoring the daily developments that work themselves out under his eyes, armed against anxiety by the firmness of his convictions, he has always dwelt in solitude with

his ideal, expressing, with all the energy of his conscientious individuality, and all the force of a constantly-confirmed assurance, his determination to reject mere picture-making, and to restore decorative composition to its place of honor. At the beginning of this century, under the influence of David, who followed the lead of Vien, there was a violent reaction against decorative painting. David diverted French Art from the production of anything that depended on a preconceived arrangement as especially adapted to a particular position. In his opinion, the painter ought to record his idea on a removable surface, and beware of executing any work with a view to definite surroundings. Prudhon, in his "Triumph of Glory," was the first to raise a protest against this notion. Delacroix afterwards returned to the old French tradition, but still from the point of view of making a picture. It was Puvis de Chavannes who, in 1865, in his "Ave Picardia Nutrix," boldly broke free from the teaching of David's school. From that time it has been understood that art, when it takes no account of the surroundings amid which an idea finds expression, is merely conventional. The setting has resumed its importance. In speaking of this I am reminded of the splendid decoration painted by Ribeira, at Naples, to be placed over the High Altar of the Church of the Camalduli. These monks have so strong a sense of the setting of this painting that they exhibit it only at the time of day most favorable to it, since nothing is unimportant in the surroundings of a picture and the light in which it is shown.

M. Puvis de Chavannes has made a great sacrifice this year in consenting to exhibit his "Sainte Geneviève" in one of the galleries at the Champ de Mars. And if we admire the simplicity of the Saint here, in spite of the unsatisfactory accessories, if we are here struck by the deep meaning of the sleeping city over which she watches, the panel will assume a far different aspect when it is placed in the Panthéon. But M. Puvis de Chavannes, as President of the National Fine Art Society, could not refuse to give his colleagues the first flower of his compositions. He has displayed them year by year, and

NATIVE HANGS FOR THE PANTHEON

every year we see, under a light for which it was never intended, work done for a special place and purpose. M. Andres Zorn said to me the other day: "You must go to Boston; you fancy you have seen the decorative work done by Chavannes for that American city; but you have not really seen it. When I found myself there, in front of those paintings set in a frame-work of marble of light sienna tint, I was amazed. There is nothing finer in the United States."

In gazing at M. Puvis de Chavannes' decorative work in the place for which it is intended, we feel an inexhaustible delight of tender pathos and reverie. But mingling with the crowd they are, as it were, exiled. Still, he may be congratulated on feeling no fear of such a test, and on bringing to the Champ de Mars the masterly work he will carry on in the Panthéon when the exhibitions are closed, that fine decorative painting which the Marquis de Chennevières, in a happy moment, called upon him to execute, and which we wish were yet more complete.

The most important example contributed by M. Dagnan-Bouveret, who sends six pictures to the Champ de Mars, is "Christ and the Disciples at Emmaus." Few legends have had a greater charm for artists than this of Christ and the pilgrims. It has been treated in a thousand ways. M. Dagnan-Bouveret has conceived of it in the same spirit as that of his picture of "The Last Supper," a year ago. The Christ is radiant; all the light of the composition centres in him; and, to my mind, the picture is more emotional than its predecessor. The group to the right, representing the painter with his wife and child, is stamped with such tender homeliness as makes it a very striking piece of work. The handling of this portion is so simple, the attitudes of the three modern personages are so reverential, that it is impossible to weary of contemplating this exquisite revival of a class of subject once so much in favor among the pious devotees of Bruges, Cologne and Florence, and treated here with an apprehension of nature which makes this part of M. Dagnan-Bouveret's picture one of the purest masterpieces of contemporary painting.

The "Flamenco," by M. Besnard is, for grace of drawing, and harmony of color, with the mystery of the subject represented, and the fascinating charm of the composition as a whole, one of those deeply impressive pictures we should like to have always before us. M. Besnard's most important contribution is the fine study to which he gives the name in the catalogue of a "Theatrical Portrait." This is really a masterly work. Quite wonderful is the play of rosy hues broken by sharp folds in the dress. And then in the attitude of the whole figure we feel such absolute truth of insight rendered with such sincerity that M. Besnard has never before risen to equal fullness of expression and intense vitality. To such a point is this the case that, go where you may in the room where it is hung, this portrait seems to call you. It is impossible to get away from it. The woman is there with all her movement and gesture, and in the splendor of her singular and characteristic type of beauty.

With M. Carrière, indeed, it is another matter. His method is simpler, his treatment more mysterious. M. Carrière invites our soul to rest, and face to face with the sensitive melancholy of his "Portrait of a Mother and Child," or the fathomless depths of his decorative composition to be placed in the Sorbonne, we forget the clashing of violent contrasts, and give ourselves up to the charm of the plaintive and murmurous harmonies he sets before us. The voices fall on our ear half muffled as it were; but the music fascinates us, and his peculiar harmonies make M. Carrière one of our greatest modern artists.

To return to the seniors. Since M. Carolus-Duran exhibited the "Man Asleep," now in the Museum at Lille, no painter has been more prolific. Every year M. Carolus-Duran sends a collection of portraits, bright in the flesh-tones, and brilliant in color and texture. Some are famous, as for instance the "Lady with a Dog," which likewise adorns the gallery of his native town. The painter of Lille has not confined himself to portraits; he has attempted every class of subject: dramatic scenes, landscapes, large compositions for ceilings,

Besnard

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and always with the success he has won again this year with his "Portrait of Prince Murat's Children," "Girl Reading" and "Girl in Mourning."

M. Cazin is one of our greatest landscape painters. No one since Corot has, better than he, rendered those deep effects in which, notwithstanding a manner of drawing that looks vague, but is in fact absolutely certain, there is not a shade of tone that escapes him or that is not duly noted in the splendid scheme of harmony of which he alone has the incomparable secret. M. Cazin is fond of the startling aspects given by the doubtful light of dying day. Nay, he has a peculiar preference for the night, lighting up its mystery by a parting gleam in the sky or the twinkle that betrays an inhabited spot. He does not, however, scorn the beauty of nature bathed in the broad rays of meridian sunshine. And he always has a masterly grip of his subject. He sends eight examples this year, all admirable; but that called "Night" is most suggestive of melancholy, it might be said of devout meditation.

M. Friant has sent to this year's Salon a work of remarkable power, called "Grief." In a cemetery a woman is kneeling, crushed with sorrow, by the side of a still open grave; another woman supports her. A third stands ready to lend her help. A brightly illuminated background accentuates the mourning garb of this group, which fills the foreground in front of indifferent bystanders. This simple and truly dignified composition has roused adverse criticism from those who, borne by every wind that blows, can be suddenly fired with enthusiasm for certain methods of technique which yesterday they contemned, which I can only hope they may like no less tomorrow, but which, when compared with M. Friant's method of handling, can in nowise detract from the talents of the Nancy painter.

The attempt has actually been made to crush M. Friant's magnificent picture by comparison with M. Cottet's four compositions. It has always been the natural defect of the French mind to try to

damage one thing by comparison with another. M. Cottet's four paintings: "Sea-faring Folk," "The Parting Feast," "The Men who Go," "The Women who Stay," are all superb pieces of painting. M. Cottet's talent was self-evident on the first day, and on that first day Puvis de Chavannes and I had the greatest difficulty in securing him half a dozen votes from among the fifty and odd members of the Supreme Council of the Beaux-Arts. Now, M. Cottet's talents command universal attention and admiration. But can M. Friant sincerely say that he feels himself cast into the shade? M. Picard, on his part, with his very fine display, must certainly appeal to those who, even while applauding M. Cottet's well-earned success, are delighted by the delicious little portrait of "Coquelin *aîné* in the part of Petruchio," which, with the "Sand Hills" and the "Woman Sewing," are part of the very complete and remarkable set of works exhibited by M. Picard. No, the brilliancy of gifts which are bursting into blossom with such

RAPHAELLE Friant

power as M. Cottet's—for he has, above his large composition, some delightful little studies of the sea—must not blind us so far as to lead us to depreciate the other artists who hold their own by his side.

For instance, in all the Salon of the Champ de Mars there is, in my opinion, no more thorough a painter than M. Simon. In his scene "A Circus at a Fair," there is a bold purity of color which is still more striking because M. Simon does not indulge in exaggerated contrasts.

M. Ménard is a poet in the highest sense of the word. The mystic scenery he depicts, the shade of vast forests, the wide horizons with gleams of light crowning masses of cloud, are full of indescribable charm. M. Ménard is, too, a master of his own language, a language, moreover, which is all his own.

M. Thaulow, with a touch of marked individuality, made his first attempts in landscapes in pastel, which produced quite a sensation in 1890. In these studies M. Thaulow gave a perfectly original impression of the flow of water and a new interpretation to snowy scenery. Since then he has sought and found, in oils, effects more various and more solid in treatment. But M. Thaulow should beware of forgetting his first freshness of feeling, and distrust facility of method.

M. Raffaëlli exhibits this year a portrait of his very beautiful daughter. The picture is a very curious one; everything has been set aside to make way for the artist's determination to express what he feels and what he sees. In this lies M. Raffaëlli's originality. He scorns technique, and is resolved on achieving the effect he aims at by whatever means he may. Since he took to studying Paris suburban life he has had recourse to all means in turn; here a pencil stroke emphasizes the body-color; there a touch of chalk subdues a line too strongly marked by the pen. No one better than he has shown us the deep ruts in a road, the value in its place of a gnarled stump, the tottering gait of a rag-picker, the outline of the squalid roofs of outlying factories. And when he sets to work to represent living humanity, and gives us a portrait, as he does here by this method of

work, he obtains qualities of sustained breadth. And yet, as some one remarked to me at the private view, the touch sets your teeth on edge. The study is exact up to a certain point, till, ceasing to take into account the temperament of others who are representing the same subject, he refuses to see that equal pleasure may be given by artists who express themselves differently.

The Government has "decorated" M. Jacques Blanche, and this is well. M. Jacques Blanche, a man of great gifts, wandered long as a mere imitator. But he has got over this safe and sound, and the peregrinations which might have damaged a less genuine talent, have only endowed his with characteristic individuality. His pictures are highly noteworthy.

Mr. Alexander has led us to hope for better things than his portraits this year; still, they are good.

M. Aman-Jean is always attractive; but, like Mr. Alexander, he is making no progress.

Mr. Sargent's sleight of hand is dazzling. But in the fine composition he exhibits this year life is absent.

M. Guillaume Dubufe sends a graceful portrait of his daughters. M. Moreau-Nélaton makes a very interesting show, and he is beyond doubt a gifted artist.

M. Courtois has sent to the Champ de Mars a "Saint Sebastian" of elaborate finish and a "Young Painter" less hampered by minute detail.

I am afraid less M. Muenier, by carrying his power of analysis to an extreme, should spoil the simplicity of treatment with which he worked at a time when he reminded us of the early Italian painters.

M. Montenard is a son of the South, and makes no secret of it. He tells us so frankly, bluntly and with capital humor.

M. Alphonse Moutte expresses himself no less happily and cheerfully.

M. Lerolle gives to every subject he deals with a most attractive

AFTERNOON TEA

charm, handling each with a high sense of style, and lending it an atmosphere of poetical feeling. In this year's exhibition in the Champ de Mars M. Lerolle has, however, been less well-inspired than usual. His "Loie Fuller" is eccentrically fantastic and lacks freedom of treatment. In his picture of "The Toilet," though the modeling of the woman is well painted, the setting of the scene is too simple and bare.

W ALEXANDER — *The Blue Bowl*

M. Lhermitte, in his "Washing-Place" and "Gleaners," exhibits two solidly-wrought pictures; the elaboration of detail is perhaps excessive, as in almost all M. Lhermitte's works; but M. Lhermitte is such a master!

If Mademoiselle d'Anethan assured us that she was not a pupil of Puvis de Chavannes she would not be believed. Mademoiselle d'Anethan has chosen, for the decoration of the church at Boffres, the "Finding of the Cross." The moment chosen is when Helena, having commanded the destruction of a pagan temple erected on the sacred spot, discovers the Cross. This picture, painted with the evident intention of adhering to the manner of her master, is most harmonious in general effect; but, side by side with some manly handling, we see various indications of feminine hesitancy.

Mr. Frank Brangwyn covers his canvas bravely. M. Eugène

Burnand has made great progress: his "Peter and John hastening to the Sepulchre" on the morning of the Resurrection, is a composition characterized not only by qualities of draughtsmanship; the action of the figures is cleverly conveyed by lines of such flow as to give a true impression of movement.

My friend Gustave Colin does not tire of truthfulness. "In the Basque Country," a decorative panel, is one of his best studies, full of life and flooded with brilliant light. Madame Marie Cornélius, of Strasburg, sends us "Roses" with a delicious fragrance of our Alsace.

M. Maurice Courant, in his marine studies, gives us pretty variations of extremely skillful play of his brush.

M. Damoye, whose portrait finely painted by Roll cannot be forgotten, is, above all else, a conscientious painter of landscape.

If we want to see what an artist really in love with his art can do by dint of sheer will and study of atmosphere, we have only to consider the six examples contributed by M. Eugène Dauphin. He has for some years been advancing with giant's strides, and is now fully master of his powers and of a marked individuality.

M. Marcelin Desboutin, a fine painter and a magnificent engraver, —whose son deserved a traveling scholarship, which the Supreme Council of the Beaux-Arts did not, however, award to him—goes on in his own way, his work showing evergreen freshness. M. Marcelin Desboutin is inexhaustibly young.

M. Louis Deschamps paints with facility, and sometimes with humor, but his treatment is monotonous and really too much bereft of the charms of sound drawing.

Mr. Durst and Mr. Eliot have both made an admirable beginning in very similar styles, but each with equal knowledge of the tones of shadow which they have not sufficiently—or perhaps too deeply studied. Mr. Elliot especially has much delicate feeling, but neither of these artists is as truthful as in his earlier studies.

Honor is due to M. José Engel for his sincerity of observation.

THE WASHING PLACE

THE AGE OF LABOUR

Mademoiselle Madeleine Fleury's execution is good. M. Firmin-Girard goes on his course of success, which is as great with the general public as M. José Frappa's. M. Albert Fourié has been so fortunate as to obtain a commission from the Ministry of Agriculture: "The Soil," a decorative panel.

Close to this we come upon a great, a very great artist: M. Frédéric, of Brussels.

What a joy it is to find a really masterly work in this medley of the 1898 Salons.

In the "Ages of Labor," each countenance is stamped on characteristic features, and with a power of analysis, a depth of insight which, while they show a genuinely modern spirit, remind us of the methods of the Bruges masters. Every figure is well surrounded by atmosphere; the group of children in the foreground have the indescribable charm of youth. The grown men and women who stand facing us in front of the long file lost in the distance among the factory buildings are so absolutely and distinctly real that the sense of humanity given us by M. Frédéric makes his picture the most powerful exhibit in either of this year's Salons. And the way in which M. Frédéric composes his subject and distributes the light, raises him to the very highest rank among modern artists.

There is another painter of whom we had conceived great hopes, but unlike M. Frédéric, he has cruelly disappointed us this year. We speak of Mr. Melchers, who, by aiming at a really too vulgar kind of realism, has eliminated sincere observation.

His "Pilgrims at Emmaus" is neither a fine nor a pleasing composition. The American painter must return to his first love.

I have no little confidence in the future development of M. Emile Georges Giran, and not less in that of M. Piet. M. Giran sends a portrait which depicts the ideal he is always faithful to in his studies of women, and especially in the home-scenes of Arles, which every artist finds so interesting. M. Fernand Piet has

devoted himself to scenes of country market-life; he sketches incidentally some impressions of Paris life; but he is always fascinated by open daylight and simplified effects, and represents with infinite transparency and delicacy piles of blue crockery, which, among the motley crowd that bustles about them, stand out like turquoises in an effective setting. The fault that may and must be pointed out to M. Fernand Piet, is the sometimes glaring violence of the strong colors he introduces to accentuate and throw up the value of his half-tints. I am afraid M. Fernand Piet is misled by the effects produced in photography. Strong effects must be studied and turned to account; but not to such an extent as to vitiate the eye. Painting is difficult enough as it is, without further loading it with artificial complications.

A powerful and healthy piece of work, the most powerful canvas perhaps in all the Exhibition of the National Fine Art Society, is the "Arrival of the Toreros on the Plaza, at Seville," by M. Richon-Brunet. There are parts of this picture painted so finely as to show the hand of a master. If the sky did not weigh so heavily over the "Arrival of the Toreros," a scene composed and set forth as it is with equal sentiment and real passion for truth, the work would be faultless.

The State has purchased a work by M. Anquetin. M. Anquetin is a seeker after good, but he has run himself out of breath in pursuit of very various impressions, always accepting them at second hand, and never allowing himself to be carried away by his feverish ambition so as to come forth as an artist of personal individuality. His decorative panel this year is full of fine qualities, but it is too largely borrowed from others. When M. Anquetin can but make up his mind not to be dragged at the heels of his reminiscences of other men's work, he will be somebody.

What delightful water-colors M. Auburtin exhibits under his decorative work for the theatre in the Zoological school at the Sorbonne!

DISCIPLES OF EMMAUS

THE BEST FROCK

How much more charming than that decoration in which M. Auburtin has tried to make good use of what he has learned at school.

PIERROT.

J'ai mis dans ce petit panier
Une galette plus un vin pour les reines...

URGÈLE.

Rassure-toi, Pierrot, nous serons deux.

LES FÉES.

L'étang rêveur se moire
Au milieu des roseaux.
Viens-t'en, nous irons boire
Avec les oiseaux.

URGÈLE.

Tiens, voilà ton baiser. Je te le rends. Adieu.

PIERROT.

Elle s'est envolée, oh ! loin, à tire d'aile
Et fuit toute petite, ainsi qu'une hirondelle.

On these lines M. Guillaume Roger has composed a triptych. The suggestions of virginal nature enveloped in a misty atmosphere have served him to render Banville's "Kiss" in a composition of the purest charm. Such a work of fancy, with the luminous and tranquil landscape studies which fill up the measure of M. Roger's contributions, ought to have won him the encouragement he claimed from the Supreme Council. Such encouragement was all the more deserved because M. Guillaume Roger has exhibited with his picture several little works of great truth and charm.

Mr. Melchers, of whom I spoke just now, is an artist whose career I have watched with keen interest. His pictures in the two past Salons, and one of his pictures in the present exhibition are enough to give him enviable pre-eminence. He sees nature with a serious eye, which leads him to observe everything reverently. Why then, I must repeat, has Mr. Melchers painted this picture of the "Pilgrims at Emmaus?" It must have been at a moment when he had set aside

his customary gravity and was possessed by a crazy idea of viewing nature under an almost grotesque aspect of vulgarity.

It may also be remarked that Mr. Melchers' brush-work, usually so well considered, is unfortunately weak in this painting. The scene too is ill-conceived. Everything is in the wrong place; even the oranges and lemons on the floor are unpleasing, for they suggest that Christ is about to play some conjuring tricks, such as are familiar to the parlor magician. The heads of the pilgrims, it must be owned, are not of a type usually found among the conjurors' assistants, but rather that of the artless public ready to be amazed at all they see. In short, Mr. Melchers' "Pilgrims at Emmaus" is a blunder.

M. Mesdag year after year sends us sea-pieces which are simply masterly. M. Mesdag knows every mood of the sea, and paints its various aspects with the passion of his great predecessors and a talent peculiar to himself.

M. Mesdag is also one of the great picture collectors in Holland, and owns examples of almost all the French painters of this century.

His gallery is a wonder, and his fine collection will at his death become, it is said, the property of the Dutch nation. Meanwhile he does the honors of it with the most graceful kindness, and when he does a visitor the favor of commenting on his treasures of art, precious hints may be culled from his conversation. If M. Mesdag would put the crowning touch to his gracious gift, he would bequeath with his collection a catalogue written by himself, and his reflections on all these pictures, which he devotedly loves.

M. Edgar de Montzaigle has painted one of those subjects which can always appeal to public interest and curiosity: "Between the Acts, at the Comédie Française." All the notabilities of the day are assembled there, from Rodin, in the foreground, to M. Francisque Sarcey, quite at the back. The composition is very successful; the likenesses admirable; the tone generally very pleasing. It has the qualities of true art applied to a subject which might have dispensed with them; and that is not to be despised.

We had hoped for great things from the progress to be looked for from M. Allan Osterlind. The Swedish painter first established himself in Brittany, and there produced studies of great spirit and promise: still we waited for a picture. It never came. Now M. Osterlind has settled in the Creuse country. Why? Perhaps he thought that as the Department was deserted by its natives, trooping to Paris as masons, it would be well to repeople it. This year, at any rate, he has exhibited the "Rat Charmer."

"The Pied Piper," having been driven out of the hamlet, takes vengeance by drowning all the children of the place, after tempting them to follow him by playing on his magic flute.

M. Osterlind has illustrated the tale as thus told in the catalogue with much skill.

But I prefer the version given by Théophile Gautier, of which he made the libretto of a ballet, set to music by Strauss, which I saw performed by Cérale at the Opera House at Vienna.

Gautier, strongly impressed by the *Violon du Diable*, composed

by Saint-Léon for his wife, the dancer Cerito, with whom he performed it, conceived of the "Rat Charmer" as of the nature of Satan, as the Devil himself. Having entered a village, by the irresistible strains of his fiddle he charmed to follow him all the opera *rats*, the girls of the hamlet. He intended to save the greatest beauty for himself, but as there is always some little oversight, and the Devil himself may be oblivious, the promised husband of the damsel he had carried off and meant to keep, mingled with the crowd, bearing the sacred talisman which can bring to nought the most diabolical plots, and he, taking possession of the violin, brought home all the fair wanderers, leaving Satan and his allies in the lurch.

This is less dramatic, but more amusing than M. Osterlind's version.

The Baroness Paini has painted a portrait of Countess Tornielli, the Italian Ambassadress, which engages attention

M. Aimé Perret sends five pictures: "The Future," "A Girl Spinning," "The Winnower," "The Day is Done" and "Sunday." All these pictures, which are in private hands, are well executed, if a little affected in treatment.

M. Prinet sometimes fascinates us by sheer truth of tone; but the tone is not invariably true.

An artist of high endeavor, who expresses himself strongly and with a boldness that never plays him false in any of his transcriptions of the things he has seen, is M. Albert Baertsoen.

M. Baertsoen is a Belgian, who infuses into his pictures all the light to be found in the not highly-favored climate of Belgium. Whether morning or evening effects, he notes them in distinct terms, with eloquent and attractive treatment.

His morning study in a street, belonging to M. Vimonet, is a work of very high merit. All the pictures he sends are, indeed, delightful. Whether the sun of Belgium, somewhat mist-shrouded it must be owned, sheds its glow as it sets on the roofs of the little Flemish square, or makes note on some old quay of the details in transparent

shadow, we stand amazed at the power of an artist who in former exhibitions certainly never seemed to be so mature in the practice of his art.

M. Baertsoen must be hailed as a master. M. Émile Barau, who began brilliantly, and who, in his early landscapes, seized with consummate skill transient and almost evanescent effects of light, sends us this year some very interesting contributions, but nothing quite so successful as what we have previously seen. M. Sisley, on the other hand, is always up to his own standard. But he is one of those painters whose work requires time to mellow and harmonize the bold ruggedness of his impressions. M. Baud-Bovy needs to convince himself of the necessity in a landscape-painter for great sincerity of expression. He is an accomplished craftsman; his eye is accurate, but under the pretext of sobriety he exaggerates simplicity till it becomes dryness.

It is impossible to pass by M. René Billotte's pictures of the environs of Paris without being struck by the charm of his work. The "Quarry of la Folie" has an effect of light on the sand which raises it to the dignity of a powerful picture. The "Vintage at Croissy," and "Moonlight—la Folie-Nanterre," are full of delightful feeling. No one can put more melancholy on to a scrap of canvas than M. René Billotte. M. Binet sends some capital landscape studies of great sincerity and painted from nature with a happy power of expression; the "Cour Corot at Luzancy," "Dull Weather," the "Skirt of the Wood." M. Bouvet is not content to be a remarkable singer; he also studies landscape. His preference is for sea and shore, and especially for rocks in a setting of golden broom. But he is apt to compose his pictures too elaborately. This is also to some extent the fault of M. Charles Meissonier, who bears a great name and does it honor—the name of an artist who stamped it gloriously on our age and of a man who had a strong character, such as we rarely meet with nowadays. It was to that firm and loyal nature that the National Society of Fine Arts owed its existence.

M. Meissonier had on various occasions when he was one of the jury, dealt unfairly with artists who, like Courbet and Manet, had rebelled against the traditions of academic teaching. And then, by a concurrence of circumstances, it was he who became the leader of the opposition to these traditions. Attacked in his turn after the Exhibition of 1889 by a faction of his former colleagues, because he had, to their mind, shewn too much liberality of view in the proceedings of the jury of which he was a member, he asserted himself, broke with his friends, and founded the National Society of Fine Arts.

Charles Meissonier is an artist of genuine and sincere convictions, and though he has not achieved by his work such fame as his father, by his lofty and truthful nature, he carries on the personal traditions of our great French painter. Besides, we are far ahead of quarrels originating in the awards of medals.

In this particular the Society of Fine Arts has made an immense stride in advance. Medals will still be given at the closing of the neighboring Salon, but the public will not care. My great and lamented friend Manet attached importance to a medal, just as he held the Cross of the Legion of Honor in high esteem. "It is solely," said he, "because I have neither a medal nor a cross that I look like an interloper, in these days when everybody with the smallest pretensions to fame has his hall-mark and ribbon."

But if he could have seen the National Society of Fine Arts he would have acknowledged that a man may live without medals. He would, I admit, have seen that many who can dispense with the medal are not so ready to sacrifice the cross. But Montaigne was right when he said that a man should not be ahead of his time : the day will come when liberty, which creates life and engenders energy, will keep up the fires of intellectual activity without the need of such fuel as is supplied to the flame by the distribution of rewards which add nothing to the distinction of the men who receive them. And that day perhaps is not far off.

MORNING

(HOLLANDE)

SALON 1898

In a discussion which took place some years ago at a sitting of the Council at the Beaux-Arts on the question as to whether the National Society might be admitted, like the Society of French Artists, to take its share in the granting of the First Prize of the year and the traveling scholarships, I tried to establish the distinction between the medal, which is a recompense, and the grant of a sum enabling a young

artist to travel, which is an encouragement. I probably expressed myself but badly, for I was not in the least understood; as little as in the following year, when the proposal was made to give the name of National Prize to the Salon Prize, which we had designated as the Paris Prize. Just as they had failed to see the difference between reward and encouragement, they could not recognize that in giving the name of Paris Prize to the First Prize of the year, we had not for a moment intended to imply that it was to be provided out of the funds of the Municipality of Paris, but only to encourage the provinces

to revive the prizes that used to be given under the old régime at Toulouse, for instance, and at Dijon. In spite of defeat, I still regret that we do not see Dijon, Toulouse, and many other artistic centres, such as Lyon, Marseille, Lille, Bordeaux, and others, revive the institution of helpful encouragement. If the Dijon Prize had never done anything but give us Prudhon—that is to say enable him to travel—it would be an honorable institution. But we live, alas, under a system of centralization of Art so rigid that nothing can be done without official authority from the Rue de Valois. However, once more, patience! we must wait. And after this digression on emancipated views in matters of art, I will resume the consideration of the exhibition of the National Society.

In the section of drawings and cartoons I must especially mention two drawings by M. Aman-Jean: a "Young woman" and a "Girl:" both fine sound studies.

Have I already mentioned, among paintings of still-life, those by Mrs. Ayrton and by M. Zakarian? If not, I here make good the omission, by doing homage to these two "old hands," whose slightest work has a fine touch of decisiveness and certainty, a long way above Mademoiselle Berthe Art's pastels, though indeed I admire her "Gladiolus and Clematis."

M. Baud-Bovy, whom I have already named, exhibits among the drawings a series of well-considered portraits, and a study of "A Shepherd of the Oberland," belonging to M. Mathias Morhardt, who, by purchasing this work, has, as usual, given fresh proof of his sound judgment and taste.

The City of Paris might well have acquired the series of Paris views by M. Ernest Béjot. They would be a useful and interesting addition to the records in the Carnavalet Museum.

M. Eugène Burnand exhibits no less than fourteen designs, illustrating the "Pilgrim's Progress," by John Bunyan.

Some years ago the National Society was happily inspired to display in its galleries some complete series of works: "The Life of

PETER AND JOHN HASTENING TO THE SEPULCHRE

[illegible]

Christ," by James Tissot, Renouard's delightful sketches, and M. Guillaume Dubufe's religious series. Exhibitions of this kind made a great impression on the visitors to the Champ de Mars. M. Burnand, who has a good picture in the painting gallery, "The Apostles Peter and John," might have applied to the National Society for a special room and have exhibited the numerous studies he must have made for this picture and others of the same type. At the same time, while I approve of these shows of many studies by one man, I am glad, when I find myself looking at the modest contribution of a single study, like that by Madame Marie Cazin, to do justice to its firmness, power and high character.

Madame Marie Cazin might multiply her contributions; but she appreciates the fact that to concentrate her best efforts in a single study, and to set it before us as a rare and single conception, is often more suggestive of wholesome meditations than a whole avalanche of biblical, allegorical or mystical productions.

There is another artist whose contributions this year are highly remarkable, and to be considered apart, in connection with Madame Marie Cazin's sincere effort. This is M. Guignard whose high artistic truthfulness gives us a strong and genuine impression of power.

M. Alphonse Stengelin exhibits three fine paintings that deserve mention as works of the highest promise : "A Nocturne," "The Cottage," and "Twilight and Moonrise."

M. Pierre Carrier-Belleuse sends a number of trivial subjects, sometimes amusing but always thoroughly worked out.

M. José Engel has sent to the Champ de Mars a set of drawings which had already been seen in the galleries of the *Théâtre d'Application*, where M. Bodinier has a constant succession of shows, some of them exceptionally interesting. I may mention among the later displays, those of M. José Engel, M. Steinlein, M. Ibels, and M. Piet.

We find M. Piet, too, at the Champ de Mars in the section for

pastels, with three water-colors and some sketches of very truthful feeling. The "Ivy Market," "A Nurse and Baby," the "Girl and Nurse" are studies of every-day life made as chance suggested, by an artist who draws what he sees, and sees what he draws.

The landscape by M. Giran-Max, painted in body-color (water-color) and heightened with chalks, though not finished to the degree which some painters believe themselves called upon to achieve in all they do, is satisfactorily complete.

M. Grasset's contributions are worthy of him. Madame Jeanne Guérard Gonzalès sends three slight sketches full of nice feeling; especially that of the Villa Gonzalès at Monte Carlo. A very interesting little artist group is that of the Gonzalès and the Guérards. Eva Gonzalès, Madame Guérard's sister, had the soaring instincts of a painter of the future. Guérard himself revealed his individual bent in his etchings, by selecting for presentment especially the infinite melancholy of the broad, deserted flats of Holland. The last time I saw him, it was, as it happened, close to the villa at Monte Carlo of which his widow has sent us a

A [illegible] PLAYING GAME

A BEDOUIN IN THE DESERT

EGYPT

view. He, poor man, was already a martyr to the malady of which he died. He delighted in the calm, grave harmony of the Mediterranean; a somewhat monotonous sea devoid of the furies of our northern ocean; and he devoted himself to rendering its subtle coloring, while, close to where we sat, the rustle of skirts rushing into the gambling-hall of Monte Carlo, with absolute indifference to the charms of the coast, reminded us of the realities of that life of fashion on the shores of the blue gulf.

When speaking just now of M. Bodinier's shows I omitted the name of M. Albert Guillaume. I must repair this forgetfulness. In point of fact M. Albert Guillaume's exhibition in the Rue Saint-Lazare was one of the most brilliant of last season. M. Guillaume has made a name for himself and conquered a well-earned position in the daily increasing legion of illustrators and designers of posters.

He has taken his place in the first rank with Forain, Caran-d'Ache, Steinlein, Hermann Paul and Ibels; and the great Exhibition of 1900 promises not only a theatre under his direction, but also an aquarium arranged by him with his brother's help, which is said to be a new departure in the idea of an aquarium, unlike all we have seen.

M. Albert Guillaume exhibits at the National Society's show a "Programme for a Concert at la Scala," and another for the Folies-Bergère, two water-color drawings; and besides these some drawings for illustrations to "*Mes vingt-huit jours*" and "*Madame est servie.*"

The Art of Posters has taken Chéret for its leader, and Chéret in fact is still the Master. No one can design as he does with broad surfaces in chalk, simplifying general effects and giving masses of chrome yellow and intense blue which must attract the eye. M. Grasset and his pupils, following in his wake, have adapted archaic types to the art of advertisements. M. Guillaume and several others, as for instance Toulouse-Lautrec, go where their fancy

leads them, and their fancy serves them well. Still, as I have said, Chéret remains the master of them all, and his songs without words of captivating brilliancy, and full of witty suggestions, are in fact finished pictures.

Gyp with Bob—or without Bob—uses pastel or palette with much intelligence. Madame Madeleine Lemaire exhibits six groups of flowers painted with all her habitual skill. M. Le Gout-Gérard, M. Le Liepvre, M. Iwill, and M. La Touche send pleasing drawings.

An artist who in these days of uncertainty and wandering goes on his way with exceptional charm of vision, who tries every kind of subject, and expresses them all by various and always vigorous methods, is M. Jeanniot. His "Soldier" and his "Studies of the Nude" are work of the first class. Gifted with keen sensibilities, M. Jeanniot has touches of exquisite feeling which he brings out in the various medium of oil, water-color or pastel. When time has worked its will with more trivial and ephemeral productions, M. Jeanniot's pictures will remain.

M. Lévy-Dhurmer is on the way to great fame as a pastelist; his "Portrait of M. Ravaisson-Mollien" is a pleasing piece of work.

Madame Marlef, a pupil of M. Roll's, makes marked progress. Her "Woman Bathing" is a capital study.

Among the drawings and cartoons we meet again with M. Osterlind, the Swedish artist of the Creuse, with a very fine water-color: "The Poet Rollinat at home."

M. Raffaëlli has, besides his works in oil-color, a portrait in pastel very delicate in tone, crisp and well-posed.

M. Lucien Simon and Madame Jeanne Lucien Simon have a large and interesting display in the section for drawings and water-colors. I can only repeat that I take peculiar delight in the loving appreciation of truth that characterizes everything from the hand of the painter of the "Circus at a fair;" and I may add that Madame

SEBASTIAN

MARKET AT MIDELBURG

(HOLLAND)

Simon, in her water-color drawings, gives proof of remarkable talent.

Among the engravings some magnificent plates by M. Baertsoen must be noted, a fine "Portrait of Jacqueline van Caestre," by Michel Cazin; the dry-points by Mademoiselle Desaille: the lithograph print of the picture, the "March" by M. Jeanniot; the proofs of colored lithographs by M. Alexandre Lunois, who had a very fine and complete show of his works at M. Vollard's; "Saint John the Baptist," by M. Desboutin *junior* (André Mycho); the very curious series of "impressions" by M. Henri Rivière, the Waltners, the Sunyers, the Lepères. "The Ferryman, Billancourt," by M. Lepère, is such an etching as carries us back to the heroic period of etchers when Cadart produced the works which are now in such demand among amateurs.

Nor must I forget our old friend the elder Desboutin; the two dry-points exhibited this year are worthy of this wonderful and gifted etcher.

The display of *Objets d'Art* is particularly good at the Champ de Mars. M. Jean Baffier, a very original designer, and a splendid modeler of rural subjects, exhibits a chimney-piece with this note in the catalogue: "In the Celtic tradition." The comment M. Jean Baffier has subjoined to this text in the booklet of the National Society of Fine Arts, deserves to be quoted, at any rate the more important passages if not the whole.

It was to do honor to the dignity of labor that M. Jean Baffier designed this fire-place, to relate its toil, joy and pleasure, and to glorify the tiller of the soil. A considerable wall-space is filled with the symbolical presentment of the three forms of food yielded by the earth to her children: bread, wine and meat. The shelves are intended to be occupied by the table service and dishes of pewter of which a dozen specimens are shewn. The painting is executed by M. Louis Boucher.

M. Jean Baffier has thoroughly understood his task. The two

figures supporting the chimney-piece are finely and simply treated. The series of episodes illustrated by M. Boucher carry out the idea by symbolical representations of all that M. Baffier could not put into sculpture. And, as he explains in his note, every object of use which he exhibits, from the centre dish to the wine-glass, is modeled on a form derived from some wild-flower, adapted to the most charming designs.

M. Brateau is a master in the treatment of pewter to express his refined and distinct ideas. Mr. Frank Brangwyn paints hangings with the same broad determination as we find in his pictures. MM. Carabin, Ernest Carrière, and Georges Chevrel show interesting work of various kinds. MM. Delaherche, Dalpayrat, Lesbros and Dammouse handle pottery with a mastery and distinction which lend a value to every piece they turn out.

M. Gallé, of Nancy, is a poet to whom France owes the revival of her industrial arts, or, to be accurate, of the Art which has restored to our national industry the fine traditions it had lost. Thanks to him, to use Banville's words, we have again soared up towards the light.

M. Grandhomme, as an enameler, is highly prized by amateurs.

Prince Karageorgevitch exhibits a chimney-piece in oak inlaid with copper, with a mirror of which the frame is also of oak inlaid with copper. Prince Karageorgevitch's attempt is a success.

M. Marius Michel shows some fine work in his case of bookbindings.

M. Vallgren, M. Wiener and Madame Marie Waldeck-Rousseau are in various materials artists or amateurs of versatile powers.

I also like the work done by Madame Alexandra Thaulow; Mr. Tiffany is happy in his ingenuity.

In the Section for Architecture I dwell with pleasure on the contribution of M. Charles Plumet, who might also claim a place in the section for applied art.

SEAFARING FOLK

SALON 1898

The furniture he has designed in *Padouck* wood, including a chimney-shelf, book-case, sofas, arm-chairs and light chairs, is highly original. It was carried out in collaboration with M. Tony Selmersheim, the son of our learned Inspector to the Commission for Historical Monuments. The calendar-screen with lithographs, by M. Moreau-Nélaton, also merits notice.

DAMPT — *Time tearing away Love*

M. Pierre Roche, in partnership with M. Marty and M. Georges Charpentier, exhibits a design for a chimney-mirror in glass which is worth looking at, not because it is by any means perfect, but because it is one of those new departures which deserve consideration.

The Purchasing Committee for the State secured in the Salon of the National Society of Fine Arts, the triptych by M. Frédéric: "The Three Ages of Labor;" the triptych "Seafaring folk," by M. Charles Cottet; Mr. Alexander's "Green Ribbon;" "A landscape," by M. Paul Froment; a "Study," by M. Agache; a "Decorative Panel," by M. Auburtin; "The Disciples Peter and John," by M. Burnand; a "Landscape in pastel," by M. Bussy;

a "Study," by M. Dagnaux; the "Seaweed Burners," by M. Dauchez; "First Communion," by Madame Duhem; the "Last Ramparts," by M. Duhem; "An Interior," by M. Guiguet; "Turkeys—Sunset," by M. Durst, "The piece of Tapestry," by M. Loup; "Return of the Fishing boats;" by M. Le Gout-Gérard, a pastel; "Flown," by M. Prinet; an "Evening Poem," by M. Osbert.

From among the sculpture it has chosen the "Death of Procris," by M. Escoula, a marble group.

The City of Paris has purchased "In Venus," by M. Berton, and has also acquired M. Bouvet's "Golden Way;" M. Desboutin's "Onion-seller—the Riviera;" "Dusk over Chennevières," by M. Iwill, and M. Raffaëlli's view of the "Institute, Paris."

From among the exhibits of decorative art the Municipality has purchased an inkstand by M. Aubé which he calls "La Source," executed in silver gilt and rock crystal, cast by the *cire perdue* process by MM. Thiébaut brothers; an earthenware dish, green and blue, by M. Delaherche; a vase, glass mosaic vith an orchid, by M. Émile Gallé; a ring in silver and gems, by M. Nocq, and a cup in silver gilt, "A woman with a dog," by M. Vernier.

I have omitted to mention that in this same class of *objets d'art* the Municipality purchased from the Salon of the Society of French Artists "Chilly Love" a bas-relief in ivory by M. Allouard, and a lady's "Comb" in tortoiseshell and gold by M. Lalique.

To these lists must be added several works purchased by the State at the request of provincial museums when they are themselves prepared to bear half the expense.

These provincial museums have made very interesting purchases not merely in the galleries of the National Society of Fine Arts, but in both the Salons of 1898.

And I wish here to return for a moment to the Society of French Artists.

DECORATIVE PANEL

PAINTED FOR THE SOCIETY OF FRENCH ARTISTS

P. LARRIEF BELLEUSE

TRANSIT

SALON DE 1898

In the section for drawings, pastels, water-colors and miniatures, there is a perfect masterpiece which I greatly regret not to find in the list of works bought for the City of Paris. This is the "Impression of a crowd on a holiday, Esplanade of the Invalides," by M. Pierre Vauthier.

Nothing more living, more stirring has ever been done in pastel. The sharp violet hue of the mountebank's dress, a Louis XVI. coat, is the keynote of this symphony of hues.

The spots of color given by the tricolor flags, flying above the thousand heads seen amid the motley throng, have a cheerful effect, and the solemn dome of the Invalides helmeted with gold, fills in the background of the picture.

Why does not M. Vauthier, who knows his Paris so well, give us some illustrations which would be startling as a change from the generally dull series of prints which furnish our periodicals.

SCULPTURE.

We will now pass on to the section of Sculpture in the Salon of the National Society of Fine Arts, and go straight to the Balzac by Rodin, which is the *crux* of the Exhibitions of the year.

Five years ago, M. Rodin felt himself bound to accept from the Literary Society of Paris a commission for a monument to Balzac, to be placed in the square of the Palais-Royal. M. Rodin made several sketches; he is an artist of too lofty a mind to imagine for a moment that the setting of a work of art is a matter of indifference, or that the "Balzac" he has here exhibited could possibly be suitable for the square of the Palais-Royal. A resolution passed by the Literary

Society and published with great ado, told him this. The Society ought beyond a doubt to have assumed a less brutal attitude in its demeanor to such an artist as Rodin. But it did not; it acted so clumsily that an amateur at once came forward and picked up the glove. But to judge fairly of Rodin's work we must eliminate the idea of a commission and the question of the site chosen for it. The statue must be contemplated as the conception of an artist independent of all conditions, striving to symbolize the author of the "Human Comedy" by relieving, above the mass which represents him as wrapped in the time-honored dressing-gown, the feverish eagerness of his eye, the satirical curve of his lips and the breadth of his face under the strongly indicated mass of hair. His arms are folded under the rough-hewn shapeless garment, and his hands clasped. We can see the breath that throbs in him. In short, face to face with Rodin's Balzac, we see a work of true power, and of such character as reminds us of the pathetic figures which we admire on the monuments of the thirteenth century. And it is on a column of that style and epoch, that this statue ought to be erected; we should like to think of it in the twilight dear to solitude, not in one of the noisy thoroughfares of Paris, which has forgotten its old cathedral.

I had, indeed, promised myself intense pleasure in seeing Rodin's Balzac standing against a background of trees at Neuilly, in the grounds where a hospitable home was offered it; but Rodin will keep his Balzac in his studio.

Besides the Balzac, Rodin exhibits a marble group called "The Kiss." The group is not new to the public, but the reproduction in marble has lost none of the original fulness of modeling or grace of line. The profiles are tenderly treated. The slender forms of the two figures lying in happy languor are exquisitely elegant; and whether we study the group as a whole, or examine its details, we are spell-bound by the genius of the man who wrought it.

M. Dampt's bas-relief "Time bearing away Love," and his "Sphinx," are refined works, full of high artistic feeling.

A. RODIN

BALZAC

[illegible] N [illegible] 1898

THE CHILD AND THE MAN

A "Drunken Satyr supported by a Bacchante," by M. Injalbert fully justifies the artist's great reputation.

Mademoiselle Camille Claudel is a pupil of Rodin's, with a character of her own. She brings her own point of view to bear on all she does, revealing her own mind even more perhaps in her sketches than in her finished work. There is another lady whose work interests me much, Madame Louise Carpeaux, who has her father's gifts. All she does is purposeful. Even in her first and roughest sketches we find an echo, as it were, of the grand manner of the immortal sculptor of the "Flora" and of many other works that are the glory of French sculpture in the nineteenth century.

M. Pierre Grasset shows such mastery in all he does that it is to be regretted that the Girondins did not commission him to execute the monument they are erecting to the memory of their ancestors on the public walk, the Quinconces, at Bordeaux. M. Charpentier exhibits some medallions and the "Mural decoration of a bath-room, in enameled earthenware," in partnership with M. Aubert. The design is highly ingenious. The fine marble work of M. Emile Bourdelle and M. Escoula must not be overlooked.

M. Constantin Meunier exhibits only a statuette, but it is a masterpiece. M. Niederhausern sends a female bust, and M. Ringel d'Illzach a medallion for a tomb, in earthenware (by Müller).

Madame Félix Decori, a very pretty woman, who commissioned Denys Puech to make a bust of her—a very fine one, in stone—has now had a portrait statuette in marble executed by M. Vallgren. The plaster sketch is at the Champ de Mars and does justice to the elegance of the model. M. Lenoir contributes only two busts. M. Agathon Léonard sends a number of interesting bronzes and marbles.

What is to be said of the "Marquis de Morès," by M. Marquet de Vasselot, excepting that the artist has faithfully clung to the tradition which gives birth to so many monuments that are the joy of the committees who order them.

I must give a word of praise to M. René de Saint-Marceaux, for a group described in the catalogue as the "What Fates attend us," with the line : "An image of our fate, the vision fled towards the sun as it set among clouds."

The idea is beautiful, but the conscientious workmanship which M. René de Saint-Marceaux brings to bear on all he does, has not served him so well as usual.

When I have named M. Lefebvre, Madame Ericson, M. Michel-Malherbe, Mr. Saint-Gaudens, M. Schnegg, M. Topffer and M. Wienecke I shall have mentioned most of what is noteworthy in the section for Sculpture of the National Society's Exhibition.

ANTONIN PROUST.

R. DE SAINT-MARCEAUX. *What fates attend us.*

LIST OF AWARDS

PAINTING

"Médaille d'Honneur."

M J. J. Henner.

Second Medals.

MM. A. Bouché, P. Sinibaldi, J. Adler, A. Leroux, G. F. Roussel, H. Guinier, A. Dewambez, J. Wagrez, J. H. P. Lazerges, E. Wéry, P. J. Jamin, Mlle A. Delasalle, MM. J. G. F. Sabatté, L. Gagneau, E. G. Grandjean, E. Debon, J. C. Aviat, J. J. Enders, A. Prévot-Valéri, H. Umbricht.

Third Medals.

MM. L. M. J. Ridel, L. Cavallier, J. Laronze, E. A. Guillon, M. Rieder, F. Soriano, L. Roger, M. Jeannin, C. Crès, E. A. Rudaux, A. H. Laissement, H. Courselles-Dumont, H. Dabadie, J. A. Duvocelle, L. A. Truchet, L. P. Félix, A. V. Thomas, G. A. Chicotot, G. Grosso, Mihie, A. Buffet, D. Lucas, M. Bohm, V. F. Bourgeois, E. H. Cauchois.

"Mentions Honorables."

M. A. Schuller, Mlle H. Stoffrengen, MM. N. A. Laurens, Dudley-Hardy, Mlle J. H. Labarthe, MM. G. Weiss, A. A. Burrington, E. L. M. Delabarre, Mme R. L. Detanger, MM. J. C. Teilliet, G. Lavergne, J. Faehnlein, M. J. Avy, P. A. Brunet-Houard, Mme J. C. Philippar-Quinet, MM. T. Duchatfau, W. Chetwood-Aiken, E. Pascau, R. A. R. W. S. Little, H. H. Amédée, C. Wostry, H. Louvet, L. Mérou, Mme L. Lavrut, MM. F.-G. Rotig, H. Alberti, Mlle C. de Chaussé, MM. R. B. Nisbet, J. H. Wysmuller, R. C. E. His, R. Hall, Mlle C. M. Thorel, MM. V. Guétin, G. A. Grau, Mme L. de Loghadès, MM. E. Azéma, L. Von de Velde, Mlles E. Desjeux, M. Térouanne, MM. Jacques-Marie, E. W. Cot, D. Serafim, C. L. E. Signoret, J. G. Dubois-Menant, Mme J. L. Delissa, H. A. M. A. Roux-Renard, Mme B. Paymal-Amouroux, M. C. Hoffbauer, Mme E. J. Faux-Froidure, Mlle H. M. Trévor, MM. E. Allouard, V. Brugairolles, H. T. Schafer, J. P. L. Tinayre, Mlle H. Dury-Vasselon.

SCULPTURE

"Médaille d'Honneur."

M. G. Gardet.

First Medals.

MM. H. L. Levasseur, H. Lefebvre, P. Loiseau-Rousseau. *Medalist :* H. Dubois.

Second Medals.

MM. V. Peter, J.-A. Bernard, H. H. Plé, L. Laporte-Blairsy, A. Maillard, P. Roussel.

Third Medals.

MM. G. E. Muhlenbeck, A. C. Vermare, P. Darbefeuille, R. Stigell, L. Castex, E. Girardin, P. Ducuing, A. Carli, E. Derré, P. E. Breton, E. Guillaume, C. Roux. *Medalist :* O. Yencesse, E. Dropsy.

"Mentions honorables."

MM. N. Albisetti, Von E. A. Anciaux, H. E. Bécher, F. Benneteau-Desgrois, D. Bianchi, L. Chalon, C. C. J. Debert, T. Deman, M. Embil, H. M. Galy, R. F. Jeannin, E. de Jenlis, E. G. Jullion, G. Laplagne, L. Oury, M. Roger-Marx, J. H. Roudebush, J. Tarrit, A. Fernandez de Sa, Mlle M. Ducoudray, MM. E. P. Raissiguier, C. Mathieu, Mme Abazzi, MM. A. A. Caron, C. Paillet, J. Descomps, F. Michelet, Mlle M. A. V. Cailleaux, MM. P. F. Berthoud, L. Roussel, P. Moreau-Vauthier, B. Saint-Hilaire, M. Roussel, L. de Monthieres, J. Cézar-Bru, J. Gabowitch, Mlle M. Gerson, MM. A. M. Chabre-Biny, E. Peyronnet, M. Grouillet. *Medalist :* MM. F. A. M. Le Double, R. Bosselt, L. Janvier, L. J. H. Cariat, P. F. Niclausse. *Engraving on gems :* M. Chereau.

ARCHITECTURE

Second Medals.

MM. E. André, J. Bernard, in collaboration with M. E. Robert, E. Robert, in collaboration with M. J. Bernard, H. F. Sirot.

Third Medals.

MM. C. Letrosne, H. J. E. Benard, L. Jaumin, C. Chauvet, P. N. H. Choret, G. B. M. J. Munier, J. Charlet, E. Fatio, J. E. M. Bidoire.

"Mentions Honorables."

MM. G. Réchin, E. H. Denry, T. Pietch, C. A. Risler, H. P. A. Le Rille, H. M. Lacouture, L. Cornille, C. Pawley, G. J. A. Lisch, H. E. J. Parmentier, H. Monestel, A. Bérard, L. Lahaure, J. G. Rapin, A. Goujon, in collaboration with M. E. Toussaint, E. Toussaint, in collaboration with M. A. Goujon.

ENGRAVING AND LITHOGRAPHY

"Médaille d'Honneur."

M. J. Patricot.

Second Medals.

MM. J. S. Payrau *(line engraving)*; A. A. Georges-Sauvage *(lithography)*; A. C. Benard *(lithography)*, M. E. Honer *(lithography)*; L. V. Ruet *(etching)*; L. M. Gautier *(etching)*; G. A. Manchon *(etching)*; A. C. Coppier *(etching)*.

Third Medals.

MM. A. Jamas *(line engraving)*; A. F. Leleu *(lithography)*; F. Bouisset *(lithography)*; L. Bazin *(wood engraving)*; E. Maitre *(wood engraving)*; Mme C. E Chauvel *(etching)*.

"Mentions Honorables."

MM. A. J. Delzers *(line engraving)*; R. J. Serres *(line engraving)*; C. N. Schutz *(line engraving)*; M. C. Chambon *(line engraving)*; L. Casaux *(line engraving)*; Mlle M. Vernaut *(lithography)*; MM. L. L. Mahélin *(lithography)*; M. A. Martin *(lithography)*; C. Barcinski *(lithography)*; A. Colin *(lithography)*; François *(wood engraving)*; H. A. Sorensen *(wood engraving)*; L. A. Chapon *(wood engraving)*; M. B. Labat *(wood engraving)*; A. Andrin *(wood engraving)*; P. M. Roy *(etching)*; P. E. Blanc *(etching)*; Mlle L. Le Rat *(etching)*, MM. C. Pinet *(etching)*; O. Payer *(etching)*.

SUB-SECTION OF DECORATIVE ART

(IN CONNECTION WITH THE 4 SECTIONS)

Third Medals.

MM. E. Coupri, H. Thiébaut.

"Mentions Honorables."

MM. A. Barré, A. Ledru père, E. Feuillatre, L. E. Sieffert, Mlle A. Darbour, M. P. L. Martin des Amoignes.

Marie Bashkirtseff Prize.

M. A. M. A. Roux-Renard,

de Raigecourt-Goyon Prize.

M. E. G. Marché.

LIST OF WORKS OF ART

PURCHASED BY THE STATE

PAINTING

MM. Adler (J.)	*A Man with a Blouse.*
Agache (A. P.)	*Study.*
Alexander (J. W.)	*The Green Bow.*
Anquetin (L.)	*Decorative Panel.*
Béronneau (M. P. A.)	*Woman with a black cat.*
Biva (P.)	*Poppies.*
Biva (H.)	*Villeneuve-l'Etang, evening.*
Buffet (P.)	*The Negus Menelik at Adowa.*
Burnand (E.)	*Peter and John hastening to the Sepulchre.*
Cesbron (A.)	*The Rose-garland.*
Chayllery (E. L.)	*Setting out for School.*
Cottet (C.)	*Sea-faring Folk.*
Dabadie (H.)	*The Village : Brehat.*
Dagnaux (A.)	*Nude Study.*
Dauchez (A.)	*Burning Sea-weed.*
Delasalle (Mlle A.)	*The Return from Hunting.*
Demont-Breton (Mme V.)	*Seamen.*
Devambez (A.)	*The Conversion of Mary-Magdelene.*
Dufour (C.)	*The Village of La Frette.*
Duhem (Mme M.)	*Communicants.*
Duhem (H. A.)	*Douai : the old Ramparts.*
Durst (A.)	*Turkeys (sunset).*
Duvent (C.)	*The Procession.*
Enders (J. J.)	*A Sunbeam on Sorrow.*
Foubert (E. L.)	*Among the Bulrushes.*
Frédéric (L. H. M.)	*The Ages of Labor.*
Froment (P.)	*A Courtyard (rue de Vaugirard, night effect).*
Guay (G.)	*The Last Dryad.*
Guéry (A.)	*Moonlight in Champagne.*
Guiguet (F.)	*An Interior.*
Guinier (H.)	*Children of Mary (Sunday).*
Henner (J. J.)	*Portrait of Mlle L...*
Jamin (P. J.)	*A Lake-dwelling.*
Joubert (L.)	*The Seine at Vétheuil.*
Lamy (P. F.)	*October.*
Leroux (A.)	*Samson and Delilah.*
Leroy (P. A. A.)	*Bathing Time.*
Lockhart (W. E.)	*The Celebration of Queen Victoria's Jubilee at Westminster Abbey, June 22, 1897.*
Maxence (E. H. M. A.)	*The Heart of the Forest.*
Noirot (E.)	*View of Polignac (Haute-Loire).*
Osbert (A.)	*Evening Poetry.*
Petitjean (E.)	*A Squall in a Dock : Dunkirk.*
Pierre (G. R.)	*In the Studio.*
Prinet (R. X.)	*The Flight.*
Quost (E.)	*The Banks of the Orge at Vaucluse.*
Romani (Mlle J.)	*Salome.*
Roussel (G. F.)	*The Reception of the Ashes of Napoleon I. at the Invalides, December 15, 1840.*

MM. Royer (H.) . . . . . *The Ex-Voto.*
Sabatté (J. G. F.) . . . . . *The Mendicant.*
Steck (P. A.) . . . . . *Symphony (triptych).*
Wallet (A. C.) . . . . . *The Backwater of the Seine by the Ile de Vaux.*
Zo (H.) . . . . . *Light and Shade: the Bull-fight.*

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Le Gout-Gérard (F. M. E.) . *Return of the Fishing-boats*, pastel.
Loup (E.) . . . . . *Tapestry*, pastel.

SCULPTURE

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Breton (P. E.) . . . . . *A Martyr*, plaster statue.
Captier (F. E.) . . . . . *Joys of First Motherhood*, plaster group.
Carlès (A. J.) . . . . . *Study*, marble bust.
Choppin (P. F.) . . . . . *A Recruit of 1792*, bronze statue.
Dercheu (J.) . . . . . *Daphne*, marble statue.
Escoula (J.) . . . . . *The Death of Procris*, marble group.
Gardet (G.) . . . . . *Danish Dogs*, marble statue.
Gaudissart (E.) . . . . . *The Poet bringing Peace and Moderation to Men*, plaster statue.
Lemaire (H.) . . . . . *The Weeping Rock*, marble statue.
Maillard (A.) . . . . . *The Fall of Icarus*, marble.
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Seysses (A.) . . . . . *The Return*, marble group.
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Thomas (G. J.) . . . . . *Air*, marble statue.
Tonetti (D.) . . . . . *Friendly Quarrel*, plaster group.
Valton (C.) . . . . . *The Tamer*, plaster group.

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